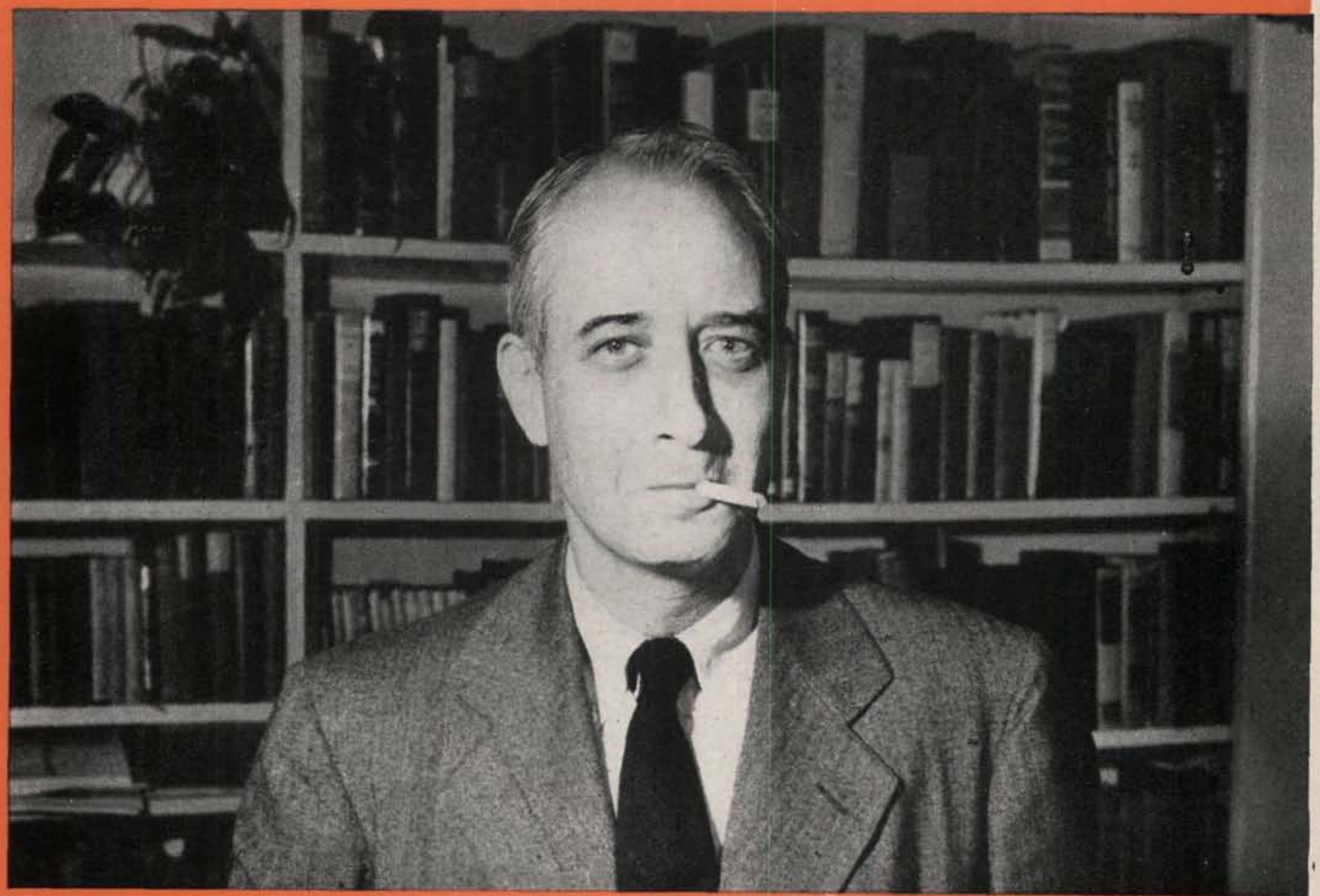
Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 12, 1955 / 20¢

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS



Lionel Trilling, author of "The Opposing Self." *(See page 11)*

LINCOLN'S DOCTOR'S DOG
By Christopher Morley

THE MUMMIFICATION OF OPINION
By Senator J. William Fulbright

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The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 12, 1955

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SR/IDEAS

9 LINCOLN'S DOCTOR'S DOG, by Christopher Morley

22 THE MUMMIFICATION OF OPINION: A GUEST EDITORIAL by Senator J. William Fulbright

30 MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

SR/BOOKS

11 THE OPPOSING SELF, by Lionel Trilling
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

12 THE FOLLIES AND FRIENDSHIPS OF OSCAR WILDE, by Lewis Broad
Reviewed by Joseph Wood Krutch

14 CAIRO TO CAPE TOWN, by Reginald Reynolds
Reviewed by Emory Ross

15 THE SACRED FOREST, by Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau
Reviewed by Oden Meeker

16 TRANSFORMATION, by Earl Parker Hanson
An Essay-Review by Rexford G. Tugwell

17 THE STATE OF ALASKA, by Ernest Gruening
Reviewed by Joseph T. Flakne

18 THIS IS SYLVIA, by Sandy Wilson
Reviewed by Cleveland Amory

19 THE RED PETTICOAT, by Bryan MacMahon
Reviewed by Ann W. Wolfe

19 RECOLLECTION CREEK, by Fred Gipson
Reviewed by William A. Owens

20 THE MOUSE THAT ROARED, by Leonard Wibberley
Reviewed by Max Wilk

21 THE SELF-BETRAYED, by Joseph Wechsberg
Reviewed by Frederic Morton

36 JESSE, CASSEROLES, AND THE VIRGINS
An Essay-Review by Lawton Mackall

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf

20 LITERARY I.Q.

23 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

24 BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes

25 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Arthur Knight

28 TV AND RADIO, by Dale Warren

29 MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin

43 IDEAS ON FILM, by Cecile Starr

44 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton

46 LITERARY CRYPT

51 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1090

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 7, Feb. 12, 1955. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1955 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

It is an axiom of current publishing that the market for short story collections has disappeared.

If this be true (and the facts do not always bear it out, as demonstrated by the recent successes of Daphne du Maurier's "Kiss Me Again, Stranger" and Roald Dahl's "Someone Like You"), the reason may possibly be that the "short story" itself has disappeared.

As you go through the fiction pages of many magazines, you find only mood pieces, or slices of life with neither end nor beginning, or Freudian sketches that seem almost to have been assigned as homework by an analyst.

These pieces are (happily for the reader) "short", but they are seldom "stories". And though they often contain brilliant writing, they do not offer the satisfaction that comes from reading good story-telling.

Two recent collections indicate that, while the drift away from "story" has not been checked, the cause is by no means a lost one. "Prize Stories 1955", the O. Henry Award stories, selected and edited by Paul Engle and Hansford Martin, has work by Jean Stafford, Flannery O'Connor, Frederick Buechner, Max Steele, J. F. Powers and Wallace Stegner, among others, and is a good cross-section of contemporary short-story writing.

The British novelist Robert Standish has done a book of his stories entitled "Face Value". Standish is not ashamed to write wittily, nor is he above using a surprise ending, or even a happy one. His work will suggest Saki to some, Maugham to others, but all of it contains the narrative power of an expert craftsman.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Prize Stories 1955" ($3.95) and Robert Standish's "Face Value" ($3.50) are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your favorite bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at Broad St. Suburban Station in Philadelphia.

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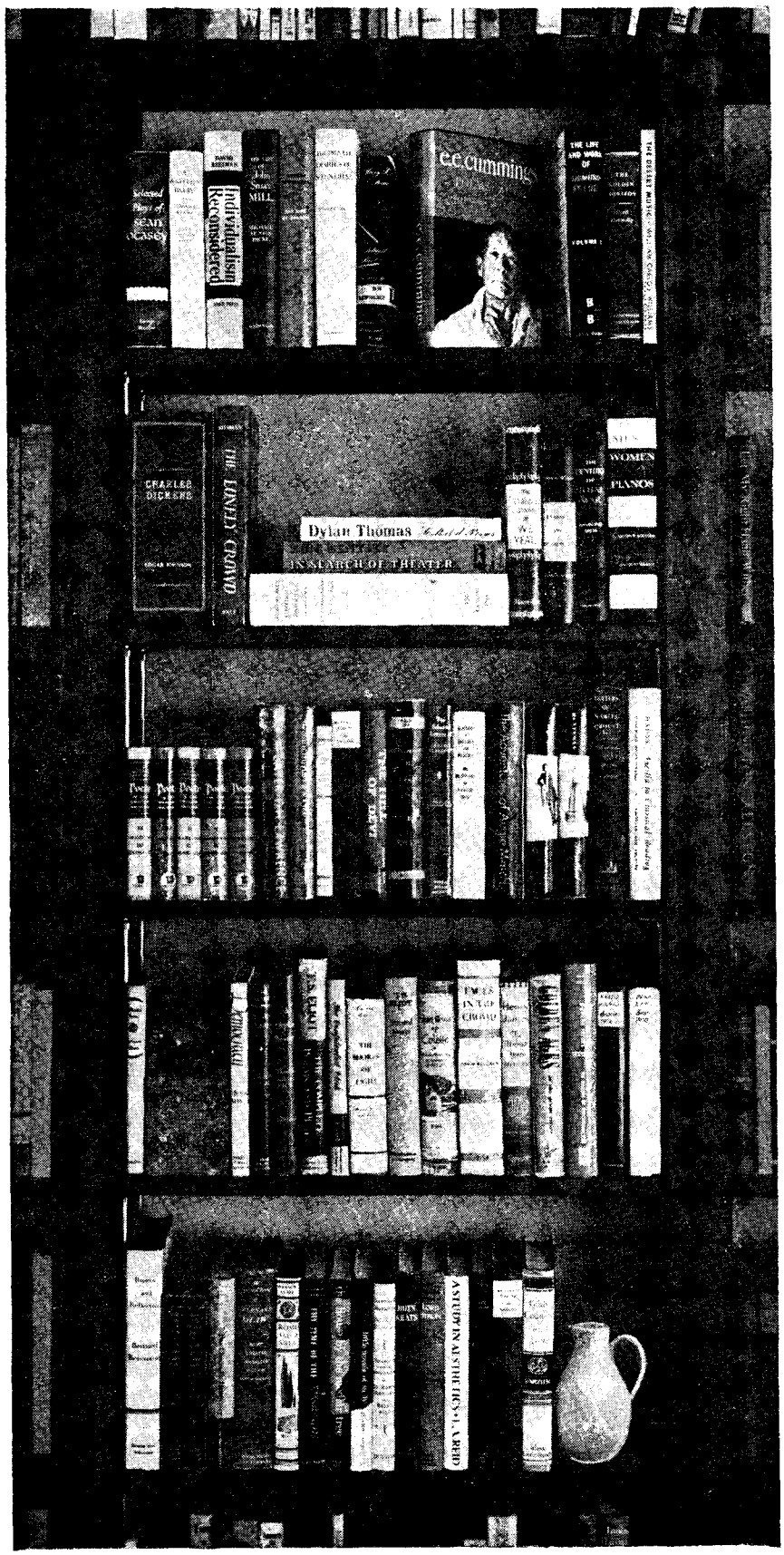

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THE LITERARY SCENE

•• In Washington, General Jimmy Doolittle told the story about a famous novelist who was commissioned a colonel during the last war. In an exposed sector he came upon a sentry reading on duty. "Did you post him for court martial?" asked the general. "I could hardly do that," admitted the colonel. "He was reading my book!"

•• On Park Avenue, a famous party-giver was rendered speechless for a record thirty seconds when composer Cole Porter hailed her with an affectionate, "Hello, darling. What are you lying about now?"

•• In Bordighea, on the Italian Riviera, one of the most unusual exhibits of the year has been put on display. Its general title: "Spaghetti in Art and Literature."

•• In *The New York Times*, Charles Poore, one of this department's favorite literary critics, dropped this can't-be-repeated-too-often reminder: "You never have to pay a scalper's scale to read the best books of the moment; the prices remain unchanged. You do not have to shoulder your way through crowds or wait cravenly for the headwaiter to notice you before you start reading. You do not have to have a repairman in from time to time to replace a book's tubes or tinker with its loudspeaker. You do not have to stop in the middle of a good story to hear a sponsor's melodious malarkey. No petulant neighbors ever ask you to tone a volume's volume down. The pleasure is yours!"

•• At a literary cocktail party, writes Ken Giniger, a well-known agent made a spectacular exit. He fell down a flight of stairs. As he picked himself up, miraculously unhurt, he called up to the crowd above, "You noticed, I hope, that I hit only every tenth step."

•• In the paperback field, a sudden drop in popularity of Westerns leaves some of their eager-beaver publishers with contracts for dozens of still-unwritten sagas in that category that they are trying desperately to scale down or wiggle out of altogether. One cynic has dubbed the debacle "The Nevada Bubble." This does not mean, of course, that a healthy demand for Westerns will not always exist. The paperback-log just grew too big an too indiscriminate.

•• In Indianapolis, Elmer Davis explained to his publisher, Bobbs-Merrill, the title of his new book, "Tw Minutes Till Midnight." "It is borrowed, with permission," he saic "from the clock on the cover of *Th Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*. Som years ago that clock stood at eigh minutes till midnight. When the Russians displayed their atomic bom it went up to three minutes before and their hydrogen bomb moved it minute closer. Which, of course, is n proof that the hydrogen bomb wi ever be used, though I confess that a this moment I cannot see why not. . . . Which reminds me of a classifie ad somebody with a grisly sense c humor inserted in a local journa

recently: "Wanted by boy with A bomb, a congenial girl companion wit H-bomb. Object: nothing."

•• In Los Angeles, star columnis Matt Weinstock told about the hea accountant who labored for a big pub lisher for forty years. Every mornin he unlocked his desk at 8:30 on th nose, peered into the center drawe for a moment, then locked everythin up again. What was in that cente drawer? Assistants, visiting salesmei even the publisher himself, never can close to solving the mystery. One da the accountant died suddenly, an after a decent interval everybod rushed to pry open the center drawe It was found to contain just one litt slip of paper. Printed in capital lette thereon were the words, "The sic toward the window is the debit side

•• In San Francisco, Matt Denn has completed a record album Rodgers and Hart melodies. Ralp Gleason thinks the album should l called "Dennis, Anyone?" The stud drummer, I'm afraid he added, is ju a gourd-time Charlie.

•• At Columbia University, friend of the late Irwin Edman are establisl

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ng a scholarship in his name in the Philosophy Department, to which he devoted his life. Contributions may be sent either to Albert Redpath, Treasurer, at 52 Wall Street, or Professor James Gutman, 39 Claremont Avenue, New York.

• • In "This Is Westchester," author Richard F. Crandell asserts that that lovely, wealthy, hilly, Republican, and heavily-taxed county is the birthplace of the cocktail, the first American golf club, the first safety elevator, and the modern circus—not to mention Pat Knopf. Crandell also attributes to the late John Miles of White Plains the first supermarket and suburban shopping center. Refutations of these extravagant claims will be filed in order of their receipt.

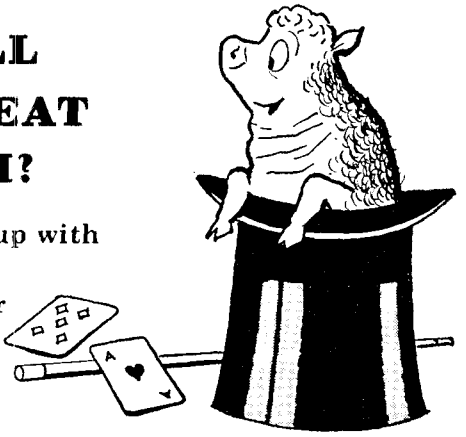
• • At the country estate of a distinguished Doubleday editor, a small boy's head appeared over the fence, and a meek voice inquired, "Please, Mr. Beecroft, could I have my arrow back?" "Certainly, my boy," responded the editor with that spontaneous love for the young that has made him famous. "Where is it?" "I think," said the small boy, "that it's stuck in one of your cats."

• • On Broadway, Maurice Evans, coproducer of "The Teahouse of the August Moon," has acquired stage rights to another hit book about shenanigans in the armed services: Mac Hyman's "No Time for Sergeants." Edmund Tryzinski and Donald Bevan, authors of "Stalag 17," are doing the adaptation.

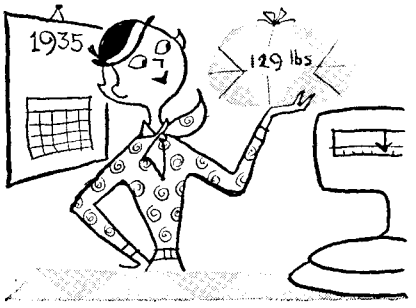
• • In Chicago, Kroch's and Brentano's have opened in the Loop what they claim to be the world's largest bookstore, although Foyle's in London may have something to say about that. Anyhow, the new Kroch emporium occupies over 45,000 square feet and cost half-a-million to equip—a heartening expression of faith in the future of retail bookselling. A special feature is a "supermarket" basement devoted to paperbacks. Kroch's old

store on North Michigan has been closed. That whole area has been going somewhat to seed in recent years, though landlords preferred to ignore the fact when renewing leases. Whether or not imminent completion of the Prudential Life building will

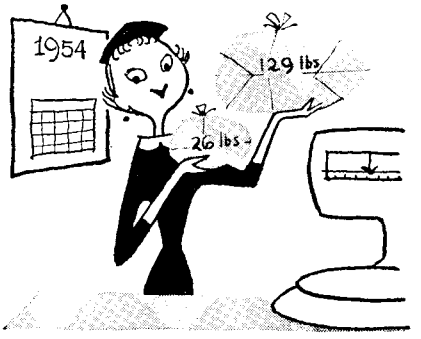
WHERE IS ALL THAT EXTRA MEAT COMING FROM?



How are we doing at keeping up with the growing meat needs of a growing America? The answer is one of the big production stories of our times.

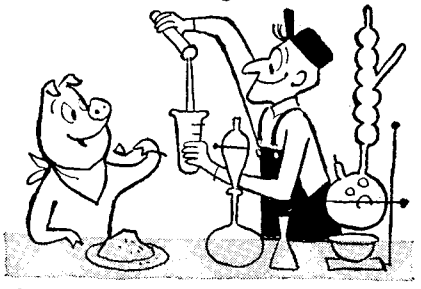


1. A generation ago America's 128½ million men, women and children ate, on the average, 129 lbs. of meat per person. If you think that's a lot of meat, look at what has happened since.

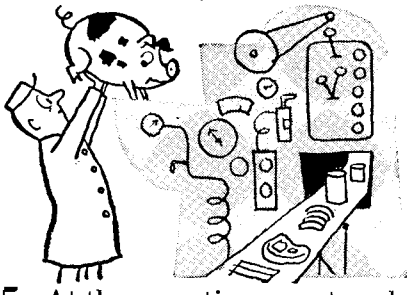


2. In one generation Americans have upped their meat eating by 26 lbs. per person—to 155 lbs. in 1954. That's part of our rising standard of living.

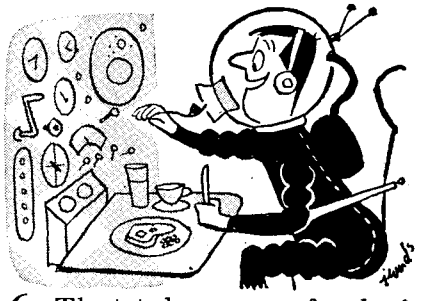
3. . . . but on top of that there are now 34 million *more* mouths to feed. At the current rate of consumption that means America is producing about *10 billion more lbs. of meat* per year than we did only 20 years ago.



4. How is all of this accomplished? Farmers are using new scientific methods to raise more animals, faster, and on less feed than ever before.



5. At the same time, meat packers have found ways to shorten processing time—by days—even weeks. This and modernized methods, plants and equipment help them keep up a production record, averaging 66 million pounds a day. That much meat would fill a train 18 miles long!



6. That takes care of *today's* needs. But by 1975 there will be another 50 million *more* Americans, and each will want *at least* as much meat as we eat today. That's another 7¾ billion pounds! Meat producers are already working on the special "meat magic" it will take to meet that demand!

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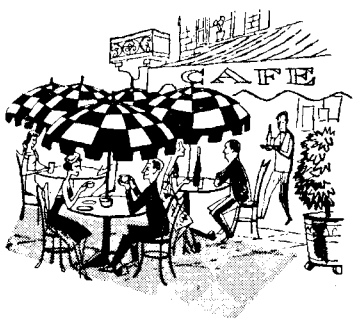

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revive traffic and retail trade in the district remains to be proven. Meanwhile, quality folk have been spending their shopping dollars further up the Boulevard, with pioneers like Stuart Brent reaping the benefits.

• • In the New York Public Library George Freedley, curator of the Theatre Collection, is up to his funnybone in old jokes. The late Joe Laurie, Jr. co-author of "Show Biz," and a walking encyclopedia of vaudeville lore left to the library seventeen crates of gag-files and yellowing comic books that he had collected faithfully in his busy lifetime. The jokes will be open for inspection by the general public—and "originating" columnists—as soon as Freedley can get them sorted out.

• • In Boston, according to Doug Flynn, a literary man named Pratt was so entranced with the new Logan-Behrman-Rome musical hit that he christened his new baby daughter Fanny Redundancy Pratt.

• • In Minneapolis, the University of Minnesota has restored to print a condensed version of Helen Clapesattle's "The Doctors Mayo," which sold over 120,000 copies in previous editions.

• • In Cambridge, Dave McCord proposes an anthology for young Indian readers. He's got the perfect name for it, too: "The Ute's Companion."

• • In Houston, a leading bookseller explaining the booming sale of the late Grant Rice's "The Tumult and the Shouting," reminded listeners, "Books by the angry men, the hatemongers the gloomy prophets of disaster may rate the front pages of esoteric literary reviews, but it's the stuff by the optimists—big-hearted, wonderful guys like old Grant, who love everybody they meet—that the people really want to read!"

• • At the last booksellers' convention in Atlantic City, a disconsolate purveyor of priceless literature sat in a hotel lobby, his head heavily bandaged, and a pair of crutches across his knee. To a solicitious confrere he explained, "I fell out of a window."

"Obviously," commiserated the confrere, "you will be out of commission for the balance of the convention—so how's for slipping me the phone number of the little blonde authoress you had draped over your arm the first evening we were in session?"

"With pleasure," agreed the bookseller, "but if a man answers the phone I suggest that you hang up. It's probably the scoundrel who threw me out of the window."

—Bennett Cerf.

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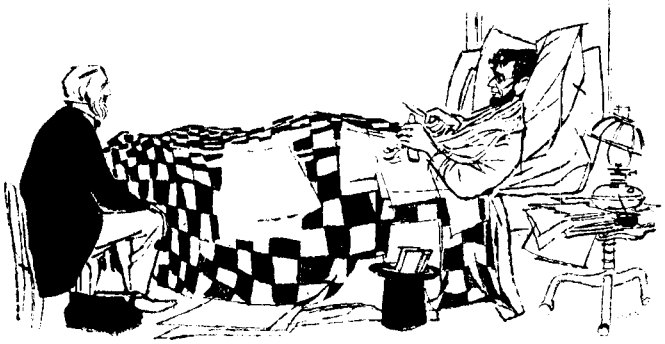
The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 12, 1955

LINCOLN'S DOCTOR'S DOG



By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

As George Stevens made clear in his book, one of the oldest trade-jokes in the publishing business is that the title "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog" is a sure-fire best seller; for titles on Lincoln, medicine, or pets are always successful and the triple threat would be irresistible. But . . . did Lincoln perhaps have a doctor who had a dog who had a story? This something-else-again is dealt with on Lincoln's 146th anniversary by Christopher Morley, long-time contributor to SR *and one of the most prolific American writers extant.*

DR. STONE climbed the stairs as warily as only a doctor can. He kept close to the wall, for he knew by now which steps were creakers. He opened the bedroom door, gently, without knocking, in case the patient might be asleep.

The doctor was not happy about his patient. There was nothing organically or diagnosably wrong, Dr. Stone said to himself in his careful medical jargon; it was only—only!—extreme and mortal fatigue. He's the tiredest man I ever saw, the physician thought; and the loneliest. In the old days the remedy for such exhaustion would be a double-bourbon and a trip South. These were not possible in this case. He had ordered the patient to bed for the day, and had connived with the household staff to enforce it if possible. But, like all good doctors, he wished to see for himself.

It was also the filthiest time of year: the dregs of winter in the most disastrous of all climates; and the early twilight of a reeking day. Winter and spring, like everything else just then, in murderous stalemate. From the landing halfway up, where the doctor paused to test his footing, he could see the river-hollows dim with malarial mist and premature thaw. The eaves of the rickety old mansion dripped like widows' weeping.

The patient was not asleep. The yellow flush of a kerosene lamp, with shade tipped sideways—and a great heap of papers almost pushing it off the marble-topped table—showed the invalid in grotesque shadows. He was propped up, like a sentry in a sandbagged trench, against a parados of pillows. His hair was ruffled end-on; the chin-beard bristled with light; the great Cromwell-wart in the downward groove from the nostril shone with a cancerous color. The nightshirt was rucked up like a shawl on the huge sagging shoulders. Beside the bed, like a chamber-pot, stood upside down the biggest of tall beaver hats. It was evidently part of a filing system; it contained several carefully folded documents. An ink bottle, one-third over the marble edge of the table, was surmounted by a wooden pen-holder deeply bitten at the end.

The great black-walnut bed was evidently the scene of almost anything but sleeping. Sheets of newspaper had been spread, perhaps as protection against spillings of ink; but underneath them the patchwork quilt and bedclothes were cascading toward the floor. Papers and letters were sprinkled about, apparently in some private classification. The patient's distant feet—he seemed almost as long as the nine-foot bed—stuck out below the rumpled linen. Scattered on newspapers and bedclothes were curly shavings of wood and several smoothly whittled pegs or wedges. With spectacles pulled low on his nose, the patient was leaning forward with a large jackknife, paring a chunk of kindling.

Fortunately doctors have no leisure

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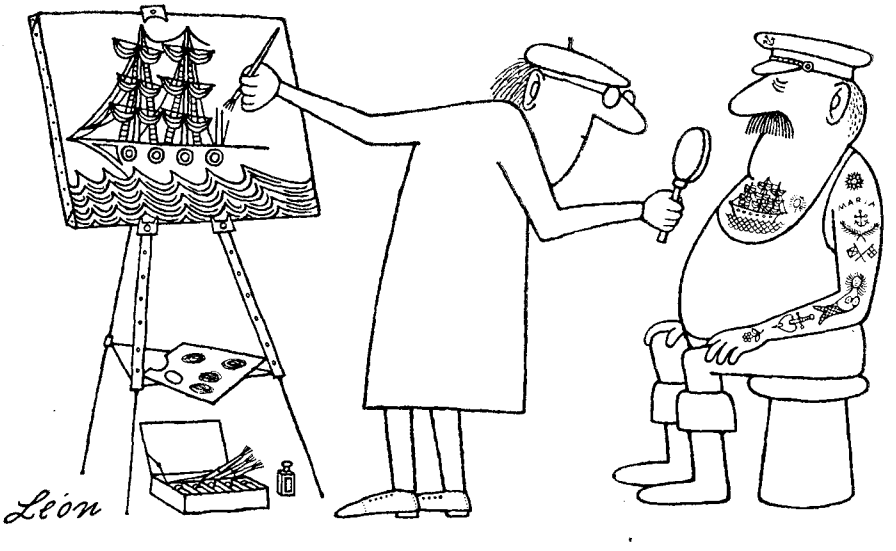

for comedy, unless therapeutic. He really *does* look like a baboon, Dr. Stone thought, but at least I've got him into bed. He only said:

"Forgive me, sir; I thought I'd just drop in to see if we were obeying orders." He carried an absurdly small rosewood chair from a corner and set it at the bottom of the bed, with his hand on one of the huge projecting feet.

"Since your hands are busy," he said, "I'll take your pulse down here. Did you know we can take as good a pulse from the ankles as from the wrists?"

"They're kind of a long way from the power house," said the patient. There was a smile in the voice, but none on the heavily carved face that looked up, cross-shadowed by the bedside lamp and the glaring gas chandelier overhead. The knotted left hand held firmly a half-shaped spindle of wood. Doctor Stone kept his sensitive finger on the slow and weary throb in the hollow under the knobby ankle.

"I'm not as sensitive about feet as I used to be, not since that corn-doctor was here. Did I tell you about him, that Professor Zacharie? Came here with an introduction from Napoleon III, said he had attended all the crowned heads of Europe. I wanted to tell him, he must mean the crowned feet, but I was too polite. That's always been my trouble.—I always liked that flag, one of the old Colonies had, remember, the rattlesnake and the motto, 'Don't tread on me.' The cry of the corn. I told that to the boys at a meeting we had. They never cracked a smile."

The doctor didn't, either; he was counting. Finally he said: "Glad to see you doing some fancy-work. Something for the boy?"

"He'll get something better than this in the toy stores. His mother took him with her to New York, to get some fixings for Easter." (So there's one slave emancipated, thought the doctor.) "It's wedges for these window-frames. Windy nights they rattle so I can't sleep. But this wood's too soft. The old jackknife goes through it like cheese. And my whittling hand isn't what it was. I bet I ruined it by shaking. And there don't seem to be any decent hardwood round this place."

You can't do good cabinetwork with soft wood, the doctor thought; but again he did not say it. The patient threw down the knife and wooden slivers and leaned backward. "It's good to be doing something with your hands besides writing. I could always think pretty clear when I was cutting wood."

THE doctor moved up to the head of the bed. "While I've got you at my mercy I'll take your temperature.—What's all these papers? You promised me to take a day off."

The glass tube was already under his tongue, so the answer sounded like *Mmmmmmmm ive*. Doctor Stone deftly pulled down the nightshirt, smoothed the pillows, pressed him deeper with a hushing gesture. In the shadow of the bedstead, and with eyes closed, the face was mortuary: sunken above the cheekbones, ploughed with pain down to the comedian's rolling lower lip. The doctor waited, thinking things he would not even remember having thought. He placed a cool, dry hand on the seamy forehead, then quietly straightened the bedclothes, brushed chips and shavings from the easy columns of newspaper print. Doing so he rustled the papers; instantly the patient's eyes opened with a look of suspicion.

"No, I'm not touching a thing," said the doctor soothingly. But at that moment, policing the bed, he uncovered in a fold of the quilt a bundle of greenbacks. Good heavens, he thought, does he take his salary to bed with him? Perhaps, as some of the wiseacres say, his mind really is affected. With a bland and confidential gaze, to allay the patient's anxiety, he shuffled the bills into a neat pack and laid them on the table. Then he withdrew the thermometer, and studied it with the mysterious air of his profession.

The patient sat up and seemed more lively. "That was a nice little rest," he said. "If there's any fever, you sent it up when I heard you moving things around. Whose bed is this anyway?"

The doctor did not like the reading of the little mercury column. "You promised me faithfully, no papers Twenty-four hours of absolute rest."

"Great God, Doctor, those aren't papers. Those are men's lives. Those are death warrants. You see those three in the plug hat? They'll be shot tomorrow morning if I don't get the pardons on the wire. They went to sleep on sentry-duty—what you're always telling me to do. Some of them I've got to think about, but those three I'm sure. I'll get them off now Where's my slippers?" He swung long, hairy legs outside the bed, and was about to rise. Firmly the physician pushed him down.

"Please," he said. "My dear sir, you have a life too. I'll take the warrants down to the secretaries' room at once, and they can telegraph."

The patient tried to push himself up, then collapsed in angles like a grasshopper. He groaned from between his knees: "Tell them the Tycoon wants these to go to Chandler right away. *Tycoon*, that's code. That's what they call me. They think I don't know it."

Doctor Stone was glad to have the walk down the long passage to the secretaries' room. It was a chance to turn in his mind how best to deal with this difficult patient. He delivered the signed papers, had a few minutes' chat with two anxious young men, and swiftly returned. "All's well," he reported. "They said, tell the Tycoon the pardons will be on the telegraph in ten minutes."

The patient had shoveled off a lot of papers onto the floor and looked better. "Now, doctor, since you messed up my bundle of greenbacks you can count them for me. See if you make it the same as I did. I don't suppose you high-toned medical men are used to counting ones."

Doctor Stone sat on the off-side of the bed and gave full attention to counting. "Lay out twenty in one pile," he was told, "then see how

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Nine Glimpses of Our Selves

"The Opposing Self," by Lionel Trilling *(Viking Press. 323 pp. $3.50), examines the work of more than half a dozen nineteenth-century writers and compares them with those of the twentieth century to discover the nature of the modern self. Professor Howard Mumford Jones of Harvard University, who reviews it here, is the author of "Ideas in America" and "Education and World Tragedy."*

By Howard Mumford Jones

SINCE the year is young, it is no compliment to Lionel Trilling's The Opposing Self" to call it the eading critical volume of 1955, but can express my belief in its merit f I say that next December, when all he accounts are in, it is bound to be ne of the significant volumes of 1955. Yet, before discussing its quality I wish to establish its context.

The term "academic" is commonly reproach these days. The popular eviewer complains that the professor rites like a pedant, or congratulates ne author on omitting documentation, r says that in diction, style, or struc- ure a particular work is high-brow. 'hat the popular book he praises is sually parasitical—that is, lives only y sucking life out of more author- ative studies — is something he aguely knows, but for him all books nprove in proportion as they can be rewritten for *The Reader's Digest*. This opinion is often shared by the general publisher: "Yes, yes, excellent, no doubt, but where's the market for it?" (The market meanwhile is steadily supporting Penguin books, Vintage books, Anchor books, Modern Library books, and other egghead volumes.)

When we want serious discussion we must therefore turn, as in the case of Professor Trilling, to the colleges. In an era when the popular reviewer applauds the topical, "English" classes are full up and running over, every college has one or more writers in residence, poets and poetry are principally supported by the academic world, and with few notable exceptions vital criticism comes from the universities, not from magazines and not from newspapers. We do not support an American parallel to the European *feuilleton*. The popular reviewer (again with exceptions) exhibits no interest in literature, but only in immediacy. His preoccupation is not with established art, but with new books. If he knows anything about literary history he conceals it. His concern is with the latest fiction, the most recent report, the youngest sensational confession. He resembles the Greeks in being eager after each new thing. But it is the only respect in which he resembles the Greeks.

Mr. Trilling's nine essays in "The Opposing Self" are in the European tradition. This tradition holds that the love of books is not synonymous with bookishness, that the love of literature increases, not diminishes, the love of life, and that the greatness of a literary work rests ultimately in moral greatness, in that criticism of life which some moderns misinterpret as criticism by death, since life for them is merely that which disappoints the soul. His topics are nineteenth-century topics—the rabbinical overtones of Wordsworth's quietism, Keats's heroic vision of the tragic life, and the "spiritual and moral health" from which it flowed, the modern reader's impatience with Howells's attention to the "smiling aspects of life," the identity of life and art in Tolstoy, Flaubert's testamentary purpose in "Bouvard and Pechuchet," as well as considerations of Jane Austen, Henry James, Dickens, and, not ignobly closing the file, George Orwell. These writers are unfashionable in the

—Bettmann Archive.

owells—". . . the smiling aspects of life."

THE AUTHOR: At forty-nine, with a semester's leave from Columbia University just beginning, Lionel Trilling has decided the time has come to clear up a terrible case of mistaken identity. For years Trilling has been identified as a literary critic of brilliant and constructive dimensions, taking on Dr. Kinsey as easily as Huck Finn, or vice versa. Only once, in 1947, did he interrupt his streak of essays in criticism to publish "The Middle of the Journey," his first and only novel. Still, Trilling would be a lot happier with a novelist's identity than with a critic's, an ambition he enthusiastically debated with himself the other day. "I think we have to let it stand that I am a critic, but it was kind of an accident," he began. "I'm pleased with it, but it wasn't anything I undertook from youth on. In 1939 I did a critical dissertation on Matthew Arnold, and I found it was a good deal easier to write criticism than fiction. But in criticism I always felt I was doing a job," he continued, by now referring to Lionel Trilling, critic, in the past tense. "One essay led to another, but it was never actually a program — like writing fiction. From now on I plan to give a good deal of time to that. I'm writing a second novel at the moment." Once, a decade ago, Trilling said gleefully of the criticism business: "The idea of being paid for reading a book one wants to read fills the occasional reviewer with the sense of innocently cheating the world. Especially is this true if the book is too expensive to be bought without guilt. My acquisitive instincts account for many of my reviews." Over the years he has reviewed such differently priced books as "The George Eliot Letters" ($20) and "Pipe Night," by John O'Hara (a measly $2.50). Trilling, born in New York, graduated from Columbia in '25, taught English at Wisconsin and Hunter for a few years, then returned to his alma mater in '31 as a faculty member. He lives in Morningside Heights, close to Columbia's campus. On a clear day he can see his students, critics, and novelists unflinchingly mingled, trooping off to class. —BERNARD KALB.

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world of journalism, but they are fashionable where the younger generation, eagerly frequenting classrooms, finds a stimulus in them the popular reviewer does not offer. The paradox is that the academic Mr. Trilling is vital, whereas the popular reviewer is spiritually dead, or at least, if he disappeared tomorrow, it would not affect the life of the soul.

THE essays collected here all appeared elsewhere as articles, introductions to new editions, and lectures, and they are all separate entities, but they are bound together by a central theme. This is that the literature of the last century struggled more successfully than we do to define the nature of the self in both its esthetic and its moral aspects, that the acceptance of self-limitation can be a matter of joy and not of disappointment, and that, partly as cause, partly as consequence, a prison-image haunts that literature. The Ur-Bild of that dungeon is the Bastille, but

> men began to recognize the existence of prisons that were not built of stone, nor even of social restrictions and economic disabilities. They learned to see that they might be immured not only by the overt force of society, but by a coercion in some ways more frightful because it involved their own acquiescence . . . for it had established its prisons in the family life, in the professions, in the image of respectability, in the ideas of faith and duty, in (so the poets said) the language itself.

The modern self, developed out of the "intense and adversary imagination" of the nineteenth century, has also developed "certain powers of indignant perception," which are all well enough, but it has confused culture with society, it has mistaken the limitations of society for the limitations of life, and it is afraid both of joy and of beauty. With some inconsistencies Mr. Trilling shows the nineteenth-century writer building affirmatively upon the limitations both of life and of literature, and the twentieth-century writer misunderstanding the aim and triumph of his predecessors.

I cannot agree altogether with Professor Trilling that the nineteenth century first brought into life and literature the new category of quality, nor attribute to Hegel quite the importance he here receives in fusing moral and esthetic judgments. I might murmur something about the split personality of the Renaissance, or mutter great names like those of Shakespeare, Castiglione, Marlowe, Machiavelli, and Marsilio Ficino. I think his equation of Dickens with Dante, and Little Dorrit with Beatrice of the "Divine Comedy," amusingly absurd. His essay on Wordsworth is verbose and his discussion of Keats lacks center. But these are personal and minor matters. What really counts is that Professor Trilling has dared to utter unfashionable terms like duty, joy, the surprise and elevation of poetry, the spirit of man, and culture. He is acute as a modern and he is acute as a scholar. In the essay on Tolstoy he writes:

> . . . it may happen that our preoccupation with evil will lead us to lose our knowledge, or at least the literary confirmation of our knowledge, of what goodness of life is. The literary production since Tolstoy has been enormously brilliant and enormously relevant, yet it is a striking fact that, although many writers have been able to tell us of the pain of life, virtually no writer has been able to tell us of pain in terms of life's possible joy . . . the characteristic criticism of our time is the psychological analysis of language. This is a technique of great usefulness, but there are moments in literature which do not yield the secret of their power to any study of language, because the power does not depend on language but on the moral imagination.

"The moral imagination!" The moral imagination is not the imagination of violence or of nescience, not that strange, macabre imagination the popular reviewer mistakes for strength and the avant-garde writer endorses as a kind of literary depth psychology; it is the imagination that gives us "Anna Karenina," "Mansfield Park," the letters of Keats, and the dramatic strength of Dickens, literally work on which Mr. Trilling has mature and philosophic things to say.

A Measure of Reason

By Elizabeth Bartlett

IF I could hold a moment
A moment in my hand
I would understand
Why time must pass

If I could make a moment
To human shape and size
I would not despise
Death's hourglass

If I could live a moment
And keep it perfect, whole
I would need no soul
To lift this clod

If I could be a moment
And like a moment clasp
The world within my grasp
I would be God

Siècle's Debacle

"The Follies and Friendships of Oscar Wilde," by Lewis Broad *(Thomas Y. Crowell. 302 pp. $5), retells the tragic career of the gifted playwright and epigrammist. Here it is reviewed by Joseph Wood Krutch, whose book of essays called "The Measure of Man" won the 1954 National Book Award for non-fiction.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

THE STORY of Oscar Wilde is too dramatic not to be told a good many times. It has been; it will be; and here, in Lewis Broad's "The Follies and Friendships of Oscar Wilde," it is again, attractively packaged for the post-centennial year.

New facts are scarce: a little additional light was shed some months ago by Vyvyan Holland's "The Son of Oscar Wilde" [*SR*, Sept. 16, 1954]. On the other hand, there was less in the full text of "De Profundis," first published a few years ago, than the just-removed restrictions put upon it seemed to promise. Survivors from Wilde's day grow fewer and it does not seem likely that much more will ever be known. In fact, there is probably not much of the definitely knowable which is not known. The dates and the public acts are established. A large body of reminiscences, recollections, and remembered conversations has been published. The secret springs of conduct are still obscure but they always will be.

Mr. Broad seems to have familiarized himself pretty thoroughly with the available evidence and to be determined to be as balanced and as fair as possible. Within the limits which information and a balanced view impose his first aim appears to have been to be as interesting as possible. He begins his story at the moment when Wilde, at the height of his success was also on the very brink of destruction. He then goes back to sketch briefly but not inadequately the outline of his hero's previous career. But he soon returns to the climactic months and builds the whole structure of his narrative around the debacle.

The disadvantage of this method is, of course, that the treatment of the earlier years is somewhat sketchy and that not much new can be said about Wilde as a literary artist whose brilliance and flamboyant weakness are both, nevertheless, recognized. The advantage is both dramatic interest and the fact that this treatment focuses sharply two of the most inter-

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—From "The Follies and Friendships of Oscar Wilde."

Wilde—". . . Death wish? *Hubris*?"

esting speculative questions: Why and when did Wilde become a homosexual? Why did he seemingly invite destruction?

On the first of these questions even speculation does not seem very fruitful. Nobody knows what, in most cases, makes homosexuals. In this particular case references to heredity, the fact that his mother dressed him as a girl, and that at Oxford he was fascinated by Greek civilization are as weak as *de post facto* analyses are likely to be. About all that one can really say is that though from youth he liked to write and talk about "strange sins," there is no evidence that he practised any until a few years before his downfall.

The other question is more interesting. When Wilde sued the Marquess of Queensbury for libel he knew both that what Queensbury had charged was less than the truth and that evidence to establish his guilt existed in half a dozen discoverable places. Yet he defied his enemies to prove what any sane man would have realized they could prove.

ONE of the most interesting things in the complete "De Profundis" is Wilde's own explanation. His paramour, Lord Alfred Douglas, was determined at all cost to attack his father, the Marquess. He was ready to sacrifice Wilde in the process, and though Wilde knew what the consequences would be, he was too infatuated with Douglas to deny his demand that Wilde wreck his own life to gratify a lover's whim. Mr. Broad accepts this, as one must as one aspect of the explanation. But he also recognizes that it is not wholly satisfactory. Was there not also some reason why Wilde himself was more willing than he perhaps realized to dare destruction? The temptation to say that he had "a death wish" is irresistible and, our intellectual habits being what they are, that seems almost enough. But perhaps it is at least as meaningful to fall back not upon Freud, but upon those Greeks whom Wilde professed so much to admire.

Surely there are, in all history, few more striking examples of *hubris*. Wilde began by pretending to believe that the artist was above law, that word-skill was irresistible, and that he himself was invincible. In drawing-rooms and in the theatre his defiant persiflage had carried everything before him. Perhaps he began to believe what he had formerly only said. Perhaps he thought that even in the courtroom an epigram would outweigh evidence. Perhaps he half believed that he really did bear a charmed life. Perhaps he could not imagine Oscar Wilde, "the lord of language," defeated and disgraced. Death wish? *Hubris*? Perhaps they are not unrelated. In any event, one thing is certain. There is no rational explanation of Wilde's conduct. No mere bad judgment of the sort a rational man might be capable of will explain his conduct. Somehow and in some way the gods had made him mad.

So many people who knew Wilde more or less well have contributed anecdotes and opinions that there are inevitable contradictions and every attempt at synthesis differs from every other in at least minor details. Testimony is accepted or rejected. Anecdotes are told in one version or another. Just because Mr. Broad seems to be a competent student I regret that he did not provide some "scholarly" apparatus. Despite the prejudice of both publishers and the public against footnotes, a real service would have been rendered if the source for each of the oft-repeated incidents had been identified and any contradictory evidence referred to. In every case where a legend has grown this sort of thing is particularly useful. And despite a list of authorities, the present book is not as valuable as it might have been to those who would like to check up on the variables in the Wilde story.

Mr. Broad records an epigram which I did not know and which I must quote because it illustrates so beautifully two of the most striking characteristics of Wilde's jibes—his sense of fun to which malice is only secondary and his gift for finding a gloriously absurd comparison. In an early book review of some unfortunate writer he said: "He hunts down the obvious with the enthusiasm of a short-sighted detective."

Notes

MEANINGS BEHIND THE WORDS: As the founder of the study of semantics, Alfred Korzybski bequeathed a very useful system. With our improved methods of communication it becomes more and more important to know *what* is being communicated; it is a safeguard against fuzzy thinking and uncritical acceptance of the written or spoken word-symbol. The most assiduous of Korzybski's disciples, S. I. Hayakawa, successfully popularized the doctrine in "Language in Action" some years ago; and he also serves as editor of *Etc., A Review of General Semantics*. From the first ten years of that journal's numbers he has gathered an anthology entitled **"Language, Meaning and Maturity"** (Harper, $4).

To one who is in general sympathetic to its principles the collection is something of a disappointment. Like other new approaches in modern thought, this system of semantics is sometimes prone to exaggerate its claims and to obscure simple ideas with a mumbo-jumbo jargon. These dangers are clearly demonstrated in several of the pieces. But the group entitled "The Semantic Environment" contains the most readable and useful ones. (*Etc.*, after all, claims to be for the layman.) Weller Embler's essay on metaphor as an index of social belief is especially good. Like the other interesting pieces in the collection, it displays a fine combination of common sense and semantic sense.

—Robert Halsband.

THEY LIVED IN BLOOMSBURY: Before the First World War a group of writers and painters in London met in an informal community of taste and aspirations. Since most of them lived on the genteel squares of Bloomsbury their group has been called by that name. Their most eminent members were Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey, and E. M. Forster, and these three are thoroughly treated by J. K. Johnstone in an informative book **"The Bloomsbury Group"** (Noonday Press, $5).

After analyzing their philosophical and esthetic background Mr. Johnstone discusses their "values," and then their works in detail, with most space devoted to Forster. His book suffers from only two minor faults: repetitiousness (the "values" could have been absorbed into the individual sections on the writers) and tedious summations (there remains no doubt of its previous existence as a doctoral thesis). But in general it is an illuminating book about three important writers, and written in a style worthy of them. —R. H.

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Album of an Evolving Continent

"Cairo to Cape Town," by Reginald Reynolds *(Doubleday. 370 pp. $5), is a thoughtful Briton's report on a journey the length of Africa. Here it is reviewed by Emory Ross, author of "Out of Africa" and "African Heritage," life fellow of the Royal African Society of London and of the Royal Geographical Society of London.*

By Emory Ross

THE telegram came: Would I review Reginald Reynolds's "Cairo to Cape Town"? Thought I: "Cape to Cairo." "Cairo to the Cape." How many of them in the last fifty years? And now another. All in the same pattern: Cairo bazaars. The life-giving Nile. Sudd. Juba. Pygmies. Mountains of the Moon—view from *tipoy,* then from motor, now from plane. Cooper. Victoria Falls. Jo'burg. Gold. Diamonds. Table Mountain. Immense continent. Baffling people, problems. Ten illustrations. 324 pp. $4.75.

Quite likely if it had not been *The Saturday Review* inquiring I should have said, "Excuse, please." To *SR* I said Yes. The book arrived. The editor's judgment was again proven good. For while Reginald Reynolds saw bazaars, Sudd, copper, and all the rest, yet predominantly he saw persons, talked with people, noted ideas, reported—well, confusion and above all fear. In fact, what he saw was *Africa* today. Yet not quite today, for his journey was in 1953 and things have already changed, as does life always. But the book is a good album of snapshots of that change, change still occurring — snapshots produced, selected, and described by a practical, sensitive man writer gifted with insight.

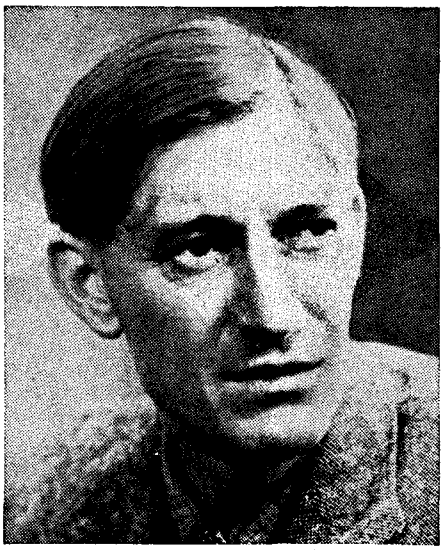
By page 10 he "had left [a Point Four office in Egypt] with sheaves of duplicated matter, relating to 'projects' in all directions." He was thus already in the midst of Africa as it is today — not that Point Four is everywhere, but projects in all directions are to be found in almost all districts. But not all. One of Africa's problems is that in some places very little indeed is projected with the Africans, or even for the Africans. A related serious problem is that too often projects are for and not with Africans. Mr. Reynolds's book highlights problems.

The first problem is to see inside a problem. Why do Egyptians laugh as they do at American film kissing scenes? Not in amusement, Mr. Reynolds thinks. The laughter is "of people who were selfconsciously civilized in the presence of what they regarded as crude barbarism."

The West pushes, hurries, wants Africa to do the same, often down the same track, towards the same ends. What significance—and validity—has the desert saying, "The camel driver has a plan; but the camel also has a plan"? Throughout the book the author makes suggestions for the answer to this.

What lies beneath the law student's blurted avowal to the author at the end of a first short meeting on the upper Nile steamer: "I like you because you travel second class"? Or the Africans' slowness to believe that Mrs. Culwick, living with them in their village, was a Christian, because "Christians all live in large houses"?

Truly, in all human problems the problem first is to see the problem. Reginald Reynolds perhaps gained entrance into the problems of Africans as quickly as he did because he carried all he had in a rucksack and string-tied bundles. One feels, however, without having met him or having read any of his other nine books, that he really saw into the African problem when he provided himself with the rucksack and the string.



—*Walden Hammond.*

Reginald Reynolds—"rucksack and string."

His brief description of the Gezira three-way cooperative—the Sudanese, the Government, and Western capital-technology—cotton and food production work on 5,000,000 acres since 1911 might well stimulate more study by Americans of that greatest of all such undertakings in Africa. Arthur Gaitskell, its managing director for thirty years now succeeded by his close and trained Sudanese friend, is currently visiting this country and Canada and should be heard widely.

WHAT the author sees in Uganda, Kenya, and Tanganyika, three contiguous but very different countries, seems to this reviewer well put. It would be only natural if his judgments on what he saw were not all wholly concurred in. But any reader of this book should get good insights into what people are probably thinking and what numbers of them are doing in the areas he saw.

The story of the Afrikaner in Northern Rhodesia traveling two days by bus, ninety miles by hired car, and sixty miles in two days on foot to help "my old boy"—an African of his own age, about forty, who had worked for him for five years—and bringing him out, is a classic illustration of the contradictory forces struggling in South Africa and elsewhere: Christianity *vs.* racial domination. To this situation, to South Africa and elements in the Central African Federation, he gives the last 140 pages of this book.

A second story may in a way sum up important content in his book. Two Europeans, rather tipsy, one night invaded his room. One, apropos of nothing, pointed to his wrist watch and his ring, said it had taken "us" 2,000 years of civilization to produce such things and that "they" wanted to get there at one jump—pushing, foolish, impossible! Mr. Reynolds observes that he, personally, could not make a wrist watch or a ring; neither, probably, could the vehement intruder. They had not been taught, had not learned to do so. But tens of thousands of Africans in all parts of Africa have been taught and have learned skilled, exacting processes. The African is as intelligent, as apt as any person. The formula for progress, success, is simply this: "To take one step *with* him, rather than a hundred steps *for* him but without him."

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Secrets from the Jungle

"The Sacred Forest," by Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau *(translated by Stephen Becker. Alfred A. Knopf. 247 pp. $4), is a French journalist's account of life and secret-society ritual in a West African village, handsomely illustrated. Our reviewer is Oden Meeker, author of "Report on Africa."*

By Oden Meeker

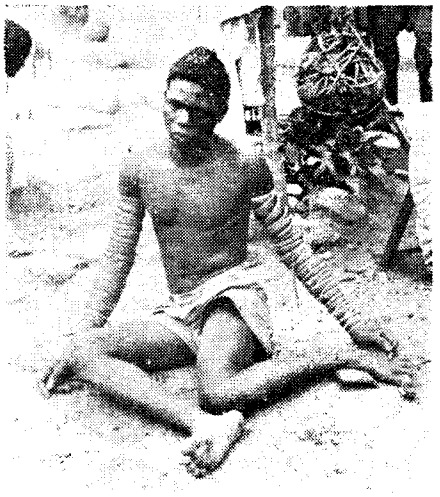
THE REMARKABLE series of photographs by Jean Fichter and Tony Saulnier of West African village life and secret-society ritual which appeared last year in *Paris-Match* and the English magazine *Illustrated* are now published as thirty-two pages of illustration in "The Sacred Forest," Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau's account of their joint expedition to the "Sacred Forest" of the Toma tribe in Southeastern French Guinea near the Liberian frontier.

The photographs are the best thing in the book. One of them makes a handsome front and back cover, that of the strange Guelemlai, the forest messengers who come for candidates for the initiations by scarification, and who wear drum-shaped capes of raffia three feet across so that they look like little demons wearing barrels, with only their feet and shaven, lime-whitened heads sticking out at the top.

Here also are the nubile, sculptured young girls, back from their own schooling and initiation ceremonies in the forest, dancing and wearing long conical headdresses like the medieval hennin but with a deep veil of black yarn masking the face. There are the medicine men and priests and their masks, the soothsayers, the hooded stilt dancer, the old women bearing a villager to her grave, the thief bound with tightening wet cords, the ritual sacrifices, and the four young Frenchmen of the party themselves undergoing the scars of initiation to the Toma tribe.

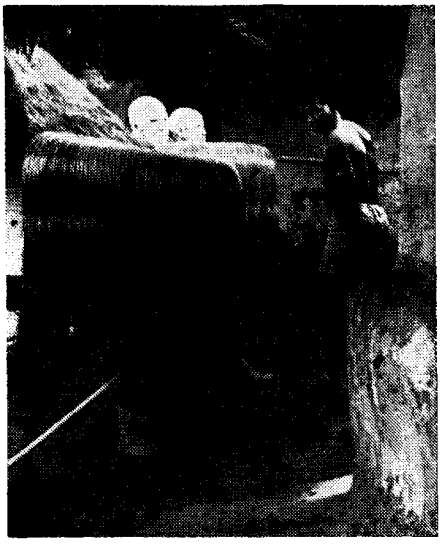
UNFORTUNATELY, the 247 pages of text have less to offer. Read on the level of a boys' adventure story "The Sacred Forest" is fairly good. But, even so, too much of the flavor of the popular weeklies—where every tortoise is five hundred years old and every self-respecting herbalist a "voodoo priest"—carries over. I cannot tell whether it is the work of the author or the translator, but here the word "voodoo," which strictly speaking is the name of a religious belief, seems to be used in the sense of a magical spell. The work is full of such vague or loaded words as "witch doctor," "fetish" (I've been caught on this one, too), and "savage music." "The outward and visible sign" of the girls' initiation into adulthood that is usually referred to as female circumcision, or somewhat more accurately as cliterodectomy, is here referred to confusingly just as "excision."

Ignorance of the Toma language, the free-wheeling romanticism of the author, and confusion between magic and religion and their place among the Toma all make this work of mixed value to the anthropologists, to whom it is recommended. On the other hand, there are descriptions of ritual sacrifice, the lightning makers, and ordeal by poison which make fascinating reading, and may be useful to anthropologists if others have not already covered the same ground. There are interesting details of village daily life. The fever and the deadly fatigue and all the tribulations of the West African explorer are recorded convincingly, though without bravura; it is obvious that M. Gaisseau is a brave and determined man. But there are pieces missing. The humor of the Africans, for example—that invincible humor that shines through from Joyce Cary to Esther Warner—is unaccountably absent.



Cords on a thief's arms are bound tightly while wet. As they dry they cause excruciating pain, forcing him to confess.

Laniboi, a dancer on stilts—"initiations by scarification . . . nubile, sculptured young girls . . . dancing . . . voodoo."



These forest messengers round up the twelve-year-old boys and drive them into the bush for initiation into manhood.

Carrying away a trophy after the sacrifice of the bull—"medicine men and priests and soothsayers."

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Rebirth of an Undeveloped Island

"Transformation: The Story of Modern Puerto Rico," by Earl Parker Hanson *(Simon & Schuster. 416 pp. $5), tells the story of the bootstraps operation that has been taking place in the Caribbean Commonwealth during the past dozen years. It is discussed below by Rexford G. Tugwell, professor of economics at the University of Chicago, who served as Governor of Puerto Rico from 1941 to 1946.*

By Rexford G. Tugwell

MOST of the ideas which went into the making of the contemporary reconstruction of Puerto Rico are those of Luis Munoz Marin, who is now Governor, and of a group of intellectuals who are his colleagues in the Popular Party. As such gestations do, this one took a long time. During most of this time its parents were in exile. Really, no one could claim exclusive parenthood. But there could be no doubt who had presided over the birth. That was Munoz, functioning as a political midwife, using all the arts of his trade, persuading, winning confidence, and finally, helped by an exceptionally stupid opposition, winning a notable electoral victory, after which it was possible to pass the necessary legislation.

Munoz was once an *independentista*. That had been before he matured as a politician and discovered that most of the people he expected to vote for him were opposed to separation from the United States. He followed the course of the good politician when he discovered that. He first temporized—saying that economic improvement was after all most important—and then, by a coup which deserves very high marks for its political finesse, advocated, got support for, and lobbied through the Congress and an insular referendum a new kind of status. This was labeled "Commonwealth" for continental consumption, but in Puerto Rico it had the more realistic appellation of "Estado Libre Associado."

But the years of temporizing about status were ones during which the economic spiral began to be effective. Munoz had been right. What the politicians had been most agitated about was not what the people cared most about. The people wanted something done about their economy, and they were not conscious of lacking many liberties. They preferred a leader who could show them how to get employment, better wages, and some security to one who fulminated endlessly about status. Still, the attaining of a more dignified and cooperative relationship with other peoples was part of any long-run scheme they visualized for themselves. They did not want separation; they were proud of their United States citizenship; they would be glad to feel more securely part of the larger whole.

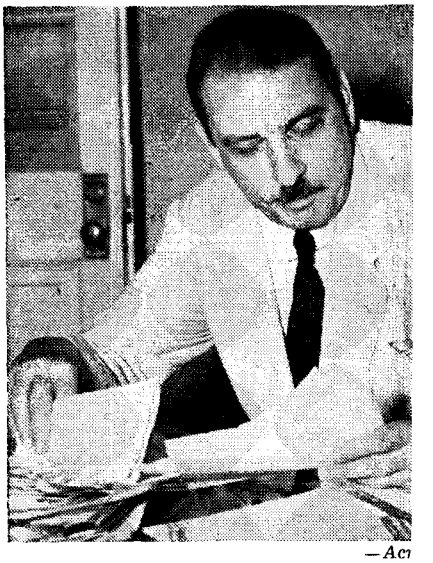
The movement for economic improvement begun in 1941 has aroused the curiosity of people in all parts of the world, people who would like to know what it is all about, what the program is and does, what its unusual leader is about, whether lessons are available there which may be useful in the worldwide ideological struggle for men's minds and their loyalties. Earl Parker Hanson's "Transformation: The Story of Modern Puerto Rico" undertakes to answer these questions.

Mr. Hanson has known Munoz from the days before his political emergence—they seem to have been contemporary Greenwich Villagers back in the Twenties—and he worked as a planner with the Puerto Rico Reconstruction Administration in the early Thirties. The PRRA was set up to carry something more than relief to a people sunk in poverty and degradation and for a time it worked valiantly at its task and used its funds effectively. Its accomplishments were limited because the political conditions for reform and reconstruction were not yet prepared. But it was a forerunner of the later revolution and all those who had a share in it, as Mr. Hanson explains, have reason to be proud of its contribution.

BY 1940 Munoz had brought his political movement to the point of winning its first electoral victory, and if PRRA had by then fallen into minor usefulness, because of opposition and quarreling, he had hopes of a substitute for it which would stem the decline in Puerto Rican fortunes. He had, apparently, a panacea. He proposed to set up a Land Authority which would give land to the Jibaro as it was taken away from the great corporate land holders. On this proposition he had campaigned, and he regarded his victory as a mandate. He did not think that this was the only necessary reform; he had others in mind; but this was the first and most important. It was important because the traditional target for agitation had been these absentee landholders, a political fact on which he had capitalized; and because there was the usual demand of an underdeveloped agricultural economy for the division of this source of wealth.

So Munoz's first legislature passed a Land Authority Act in 1940. But it was only an Act of the insular legislature. There was no means for its implementation. Of course, there had been in the island's Organic Act since the American occupation a prohibition against the ownership by a corporation of more than 500 acres, a clause which, with the support of Secretary Ickes, was now beginning to be enforced. Munoz proposed that this Authority should become the inheritor and distributor of all those illegal acres owned by the corporations.

It was at this time that I came into the picture and, so to speak, teamed up with Munoz. Heretofore he had had mostly unfriendly Governors to deal with—ones whose attitudes and actions tended to intensify the tensions of colonialism, so foreign to the American spirit but so prevalent in the democracy's possessions. I entered the collaboration not at the first, but the second, stage of operations and I like to think that I helped in the years following to make the land reform a success. Apart from the land program not many changes had been made before my inauguration. There was much more



—Acm

Munoz has "a political genius."

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be done. Just as we were in the idst of earnest discussions of it ıd beginning to see our way clear earl Harbor came. From then my st interest had to be the war. It as largely because Munoz persisted at we were not altogether diverted om the program of reorganization. ıt he pushed us all. And the ac- mplishments of 1942 in Puerto Rico, year so disastrous to American terests otherwise, were those to hich all those concerned now look ck with enormous pride.

MR. HANSON calls his account of e phenomenon of a backward island ansforming itself into something stly different "Transformation," and eks to make the process plain to all ıo may read. He does not, however, plore at all the techniques of eco- mic development, or pay much tention to the Governmental insti- tions. Mostly he stresses the po- ical processes through which Munoz me to power. The passages con- rning Munoz as a younger man, ıding ideas, becoming a propagand- . fraternizing with the dilettantes Greenwich Village, and gradually olving into the responsible states- ın of the present, are original and luable. They help to explain the le of leadership in the process. If Indian—or an Iraqui, or a Gold ast leader—were inquiring about ɜ Puerto Rican experience this book ght be a good one to begin on. is a little florid and overdrama- ed; but the material lends itself that treatment. It carries the im- cation that no change would have ɔurred if Munoz had not forced it. at suggestion, I think, Munoz ıuld be the first to repudiate. It ıuld not have happened in the ne way; but the conditions which veloped Munoz developed many of associates too. He did have a po- cal genius which I think it not all incongruous to compare with osevelt's; and the shape of insular titutions is owed more to him than any other individual. Still, it is e that the running out of colonial- ı would have happened anyway, l the Puerto Rican spirit would ve found a way to transform the nomy in conformance with its as- ations even if Munoz had not sted at all.

But if this emphasis seems too rked it is only fair to say that re are introductory discussions of eral separate problems which are ful in showing how complicated whole problem of induced devel- nent has been and how difficult it st be for others who are starting on a similar adventure.

Chester Bowles, who out of his experience as Ambassador to India sees the urgency of the lessons to be learned in Puerto Rico, contributes an introduction. The words and works of Puerto Rico's Governor, he says, could speak eloquently if they were made available in Asia today.

Reading his praise I am overcome once again with the same amazement I always experience when I return to the island. How short a time ago it was that Puerto Rico was an exhibit of colonial neglect, impoverished, overpopulated, exploited, hopeless! And how unlikely it seemed that within a decade it should become the prize exhibit of induced economic development, on the way to becoming positively prosperous!

Who shall say that a people by taking thought cannot add cubits to their stature? But let it be remembered that there are rigorous and difficult conditions for success, and that almost nowhere in the underdeveloped areas of the world do all these conditions exist. Puerto Rico could easily be oversold as an example to be copied. On the other hand, there is one inescapable lesson to be learned: that economic transformation is possible even in most unlikely circumstances. And if Puerto Rico's way is not reproducible it is well to remember that there can be other ways in other times and places. What in Puerto Rico is to be understood as the real secret, the mysterious source, is the fresh and vigorous spirit, the undoubted courage, and the almost incredible devotedness of the Puerto Ricans. Given that, anything is possible anywhere.

—From "Dynamite on Our Doorstep" (1945).

". . . [in Puerto Rico] there are rigorous and difficult conditions for success."

Northern Star

"The State of Alaska," by Ernest Gruening *(Random House. 606 pp. $7.50), is an account by the former governor of that northwestern territory from its discovery to the present. Our reviewer, Joseph T. Flakne, was chief of the Alaska Division, Office of Territories, in the Interior Department, for eight years.*

By Joseph T. Flakne

IN THE closing pages of "The State of Alaska," Ernest Gruening says that Alaskans have learned "through unchanging experience that the state of Alaska would not improve appreciably until the State of Alaska came into being." In telling the history of Alaska from its discovery in 1741 to the present time, the book presents a powerful argument for statehood. Undoubtedly, it was written with that purpose in view. The case it makes is all the more compelling because it is predicated not upon an emotional plea by one whose emotions are so surely involved, but rather upon a relentless review of facts which expose with dramatic clarity the disheartening effect of Governmental neglect, confusion, and bureaucracy on the one hand and exploitation by powerful economic interests.

The writer is peculiarly qualified to tell the story from a professional as well as an authoritative standpoint. As a newspaperman, editor, and

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author he has achieved national recognition for his interest in and contribution to improvement of our Caribbean and Latin American relationships before entering Government service in 1934. As first director of the Office of Territories in the Department of the Interior and as Governor of Alaska from 1939 to 1953, a position he held longer than any of his predecessors in office, he had ample opportunity to study, to observe, and to appraise the essential facts of our Governmental relationships with the Territory.

Some Alaskans and readers with a knowledge of Alaskan affairs may be a bit disappointed that the work does not attempt to elaborate on the "inside" details of the author's effective and lively administration. Instead, he tells the larger, almost incredible story of the underlying forces at work in a detailed and objective manner.

THIS is an important contribution to historical work on Alaska especially in its coverage of the period since the Organic Act of 1912. The Russian era of discovery and occupation is covered only to the extent required to provide the necessary perspective in time. This is the period on which a voluminous literature is available in the works of Bancroft, Goldner, Andrews, Tomkins, and others. Bering's voyages are outlined and the contributions of the great German scientist-naturalist Georg Wilhelm Steller, who accompanied him on the 1741 expedition, are highlighted in a refreshing departure from the more stereotyped treatment of these events. It was his work that convinced the Russian rulers that the extension of empire to North America was warranted.

The history of Alaska after acquisition in 1867 by the United States is treated in greater detail. The forty-five-year period ending with the establishment of a limited territorial government in 1912 has before this been adequately treated only by Jeanette P. Nichols in her "History of Alaska Under the Rule of the United States." Mr. Gruening has highlighted the role of the politically potent economic interests which actively and all too effectively sought to prevent the creation of an American commonwealth in Alaska in the national tradition. For seventeen years the Congress failed to enact any legislation extending basic law to Alaska or to provide any government for the area. When the first Organic Act was passed in 1884 it provided a governor with almost no authority and a single district judge, both without means of making their presence

(*Continued on page 47*)

FICTION

The Cat's Miaow of Cafe Society

—*Drawings by the author, from the book.*

"Lola Pickering Disgraced Herself."

"This Is Sylvia," by Sandy Wilson *(E. P. Dutton. 125 pp. $2.50), is the tail of a cat loose in Cafe Society.*

By Cleveland Amory

ADMIRERS of "The Boy Friend," which is not only the most original musical show of the new theatrical season but also one which is such a large hit that it doesn't have to keep saying it is, will be pleased to know that its author, a bright young Englishman named Sandy (short for Alexander) Wilson, has come up with a book. And as "The Boy Friend," for which Mr. Wilson wrote the book, the lyrics, and the music, is no ordinary show, neither is this book, for which he wrote the text and drew the illustrations, an ordinary book. (Indeed, for all I know Mr. Wilson may have done the printing, too. He seems to be able to do anything, and the print is, to say the least, different.)

Mr. Wilson is thirty-one years old and he has been compared to Noel Coward. While such comparisons are all too often made in haste on book jackets, and repented at leisure in book bodies, this one, at least for this first book of Mr. Wilson's, holds up. "This Is Sylvia" is only 125 pages long but it is also fifty-four drawings wide, and it is a clever, though strictly intramural, satire of international Café Society. Sylvia is very English, don't you know, and, as a metter of fect, don't you know, she has been persuaded, principally by her faithful mentrix Hester Briggs, to Tell All. She then, don't you know, proceeds to do so, starting with a dedication which reads, "To Jon who is allowed to call her Syl."

Syl is something. She l-, name-place-, and husband-drops her way from the beginnings of her stage career in London all the way to New York, Hollywood, Paris, the Riviera and back again. All names are disguised; some, like Cyrus T. Rocksalmonfeller and Hollywoodians like Mr. Goldfisch and columnist Nelly Nipper, are disguised thinly; others like Bella Whalylebone, Edwina Lessiter, Humphrey Halibutt, Lawrence Fortescue, Miriam Boot, Pandora Tickell, and Raymond Curdle, are more thickly. I think that each reader will derive most pleasure from the book by making up his own cast of characters. Mine included Elsa Maxwell, Elsa Schiaparelli, Somerset Maugham, Noel Coward, Gertrude Stein, Edith Sitwell, and Cecil Beaton. I had Miaow Miaow Latouche for Zsa Zsa Gabor, but I'm not quite sure whether Blackie Diabolo was Howard Hughes or Porfirio Rubirosa or the Aly Khan. Anyway, he had oil wells, a perfectly good family in Puerto Rico, and was a bad actor. As for Vera Smythe-Haddock and Sir Algernon Gutts-Whytyng, I put them down as Gloria Vanderbilt and Franchot Tone. I really don't know why; I just wanted to be sure I was if anything a little ahead of *au courant*.

However you want to play it though, the book is fun while it lasts and, above all, doesn't last too long. And, as I said, Syl is something: indeed Mr. Wilson's biggest success in this satire seems to me to be that he has managed to keep her charming. She is not really pure bred, don't you know, but, as her dear friend Hester keeps saying, she has a bit of ginger in her. The first chapter is called "The Tail Begins" and the last chapter is called "The Tail Ends." Sylvia, you see, is more than just a catty person—for the fect of the metter is, don't you know, she is Mr. Wilson's personal cat.

"I Began by Modeling Hats for 'Chatte'."

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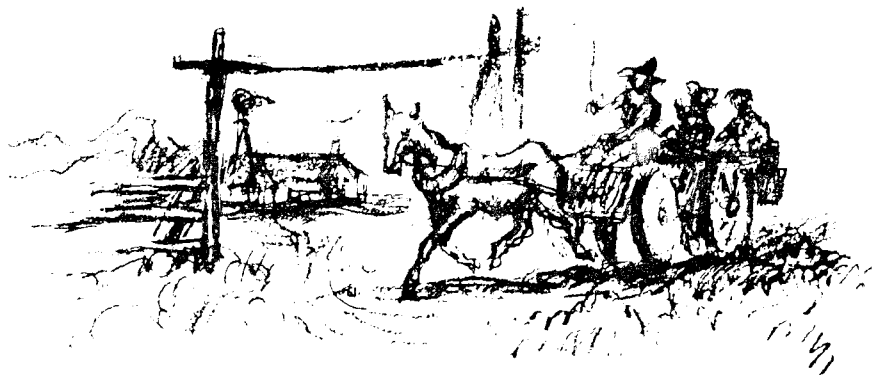

—By Fred Gipson, for "Recollection Creek"

". . . the flavor, the rightness of speech, beliefs, customs."

The Magic Track

"The Red Petticoat," by Bryan MacMahon *(Dutton. 219 pp. $3), is a new collection of short stories with an Irish setting, by the author of "The Lion Tamer."*

By Ann F. Wolfe

HOW metaphysical can you get? The question grows insistent as you read "Wedding Eve," the opening story in Bryan MacMahon's new collection, "The Red Petticoat." Freda, who is to be married next morning, discusses her promised husband with her sister. Out of a circumlocutory philosophical dialogue filters the hint of a possibility of the sister's unsisterly interest in the husband. It is a fragile, moonlit thing, a mood piece rather than a story, but it isn't MacMahon. It is Exhibit A put together for a Kerry edition of *The New Yorker*.

But the shock of disappointment—betrayal, for original "Lion Tamer" fans—soon passes. With "Evening in Ireland," the second tale, Mr. MacMahon, the old MacMahon, gets back on the magic track and stays there through most of the volume. True, the bubbles are off the exhilaration, the laughter is sometimes raw, and the racial lunacy occasionally approximates un-Gaelic solar sanity. Still and all, the stream of the MacMahon Irishness waters the familiar countryside. Peat fires glow again in Friary Lane. Not one, but two, Mother Superiors, if you please, come to tately terms with life.

"Evening in Ireland," which restores your faith in the Kerry shanachie, has for hero an old matchmaking priest whose like is not found outside Ireland. His vernacular is poetry, his oblique wit close to native soil, and his insight into the human heart a sacerdotal translation of the author's own. And what is pure MacMahon is the fused spirit of folk and landscape, that climate of otherworldly paradox in which church bells lift mind and heart while the sexton is lured by the bells of the tinker girl's cob.

In "The Red Petticoat," title story of the volume, the Reverend Mother's girlhood skullduggery catches up with her and a cattle jobber with a clove-and-whisky breath receives from God, so he says, the wind and the wit to finish his ballad. The old woman in this story does a classic bit of cursing, and Irish crones are inspired cursers. Unlike the Reverend Mother of the title piece, the Superior in "The Nunnery Garden" is not up to tricks, but she nearly catches a spirited young sister who is.

No one handles better than Mr. MacMahon the mysterious ways of conjugal love. In "The Broken Lyre" a termagant goads her mate into striking her, then bloodies a chivalrous rescuer. The protagonist of "Exile's Return" is a cuckolded brute of a fellow who tenderly forgives his spouse. "The Candle Is Lighting," most poignant of the stories—almost unbearably so—celebrates family life and the ennobling love of husband for wife.

Irish legend and history lend a melancholy beauty to "The Windows of Wonder" and "The Kings Asleep in the Ground." Skirting the macabre, "Chicken-Licken" falls short of its objective, which was compassion. To Kerry's Homer, his nod. For imaginativeness, humor, poetic speech, and the subtle drama of the human spirit most of these twenty stories hold their own not only with the best in contemporary Ireland, but with the best in English anywhere.

Folksy Stew

"Recollection Creek," by Fred Gipson *(Harper. 208 pp. $2.75), continues the story of the Creech family and their Texas hill-country neighbors begun in "Hound-dog Man" and "The Home Place." Here it is reviewed by William A. Owens, author of "Walking on Borrowed Land," "Texas Folk Songs," and several stories of folklore.*

By William A. Owens

READERS of Fred Gipson's previous novel about the Texas hill country—"Hound-dog Man" and "The Home Place"—will welcome "Recollection Creek," a new book about the same locale and essentially the same people. Called a novel, though it is more like a series of loosely connected sketches, this is the story of the Creech family during one year of their lives as seen through the eyes of nine-year-old (grass) Hopper Creech.

Grandma Elfie Creech used to say that "generally in everyone's life there is a time when he is more himself than at any other time between birth and death." Hopper Creech was more "himself" in a year loaded with possibilities for carefree adventure. Recollection Creek was in a stew over a killing over a trustee election. The schoolhouse had burned down and the children were free to ramble. Uncle Ike and Aunt Minnie Creech, with their daughter Sis and son Jay (bird), driven out of Coke County by the drouth, had settled for a time with their relatives back home. Usually led by Jay, the two boys became involved immediately in a series of humorous escapades.

The action centers largely around Hopper and Jay. They were responsible when Aaron Blood's bull won a horserace and a hundred-dollar prize. With Restless Solomon they tried many schemes for getting rich quick, among them a possum hunt that netted one small possum, the same possum that later, named Scott Cooley and famed for fighting, took on a tomcat in a destructive fight. With a lucky shot with his slingshot Jay hit a wasp-nest, setting up a hilarious chain of events that ended in the reconciliation of his father and Sis's sweetheart, Ruel MacLaurin. These episodes, and many more, are bound together chiefly by the characters of the boys.

THE action that has continuity centers around Grandpa Creech's feud with a wild turkey gobbler. Grandpa

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hunted the gobbler in the Scallon burying lot on Grandma's kinfolks' graves, over the protest and admonition of Grandma. In several hair-raising escapades he almost got his bird, but, the forces of nature or of the supernatural being too strong, the gobbler escaped and Grandpa died among the graves.

Though the reader is asked to drop a tear for Grandpa, the book as a whole is meant to be taken lightly. Mr. Gipson steers neatly around possibilities for real trouble, as in the clandestine meetings between Sis and Ruel. In the end they got married, Aaron Blood gave Hopper and Jay a horse, and drouth-breaking rains fell in Coke County.

There is clever use of folklore, whether taken from oral tradition or made up by the author to suit his own purposes. There is much faithful reporting of life in this country that is part farm, part ranch. The reader is often struck by the flavor, the rightness of speech, beliefs, customs. But the exaggeration in both character and situation for the sake of humor brings some of the scenes dangerously near the ridiculous. Certainly this book is inferior to Mr. Gipson's others in humor and in the ability to move the reader. At times Mr. Gipson's pasture seems grazed close to bareness. Perhaps it is time for him to extend his range. Or he might plow up altogether and have a try at what lies beneath the surface.

Rodents' Raid on the Big Cheese

"The Mouse That Roared," by Leonard Wibberley *(Little, Brown. 280 pp. $3.50), is a chronicle of what occurred when the tiny duchy of Grand Fenwick declared war on the USA.*

By Max Wilk

TUCKED away in the middle of Europe is a duchy known as Grand Fenwick, a tiny principality six by three miles in area, settled by freedom-loving English fighting men somewhere back in the Middle Ages. Grand Fenwick's major export, and in fact its only source of revenue, is a delicate wine known as Pinot Grand Fenwick. The trouble begins when an American wine manufacturer in California begins bottling a cheap imitation of Pinot Grand Fenwick in order to capitalize on the reputation of the rare original.

The duchy's populace is outraged. War is officially declared on the United States. The document that so notifies our State Department is considered by a minor official to be someone's practical joke, and ends up lost behind a radiator in the official's apartment. In due time irate Grand Fenwick sends a force of yeomen complete with chain mail and longbows, across the Atlantic in a chartered boat to New York harbor, object invasion of the United States.

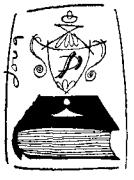
Up to this point "The Mouse That Roared," by Leonard Wibberley, is delightful.

But it also seems that the morning of the Grand Fenwickian arrival, the United States is undergoing a nationwide practice air-raid drill, and thus the invading force goes almost completely unnoticed. The invaders return home with a couple of stray New York cops, a retired Army general and an atomic scientist, Dr. Kokintz as captives. And Dr. Kokintz has with him; in a small lead box, a frightening device, many times more deadly than the H-bomb . . . the Q-bomb.

The Q-bomb stored in the basement of Grand Fenwick's stoutest castle the duchy is now able to force the atomic arms race to come to a halt. The large nations of the world must bow to the frightening power Grand Fenwick wields, and it seems we shall all live happily and peacefully ever after, in a rosy era of atomic power harnessed only for good . . .

This is the somewhat optimistic thesis of Mr. Wibberley, an English humorist who has obviously lived long enough among us to be able to poke amiable and authentic fun. The book is genial and charming, with a generous serving of sharp satirical darts. But when the free-wheeling plot encounters the atomic and hydrogen bombs the humor goes down for a ten-count. Perhaps it is that no thinking citizen of today can smile, or laugh, at the thought of the ominous, mushroom-shaped cloud which every so often erupts over some remote Pacific atoll.

Taken as a plea for sanity in an era that often makes no sense whatsoever, this little novel has a lot for readers to ponder. But when its publishers maintain that the book is full of "sparkle and geniality" they are as optimistic as Mr. Wibberley. Whatever laughs the outlandish story elicits shrivel away in the oppressive presence of a small lead box that can eradicate a whole continent in a matter of seconds. If Mr. Wibberley meant to sugar coat a bitter pill he underestimated the acrid content of the formula $E=mc^2$.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BLUE-RIBBON WINNERS

Mack L. Graves of Greenville, Florida, submits the names of ten Pulitzer Prize-winning novels of other years, and scrambles alongside them the names of the ten novelists and the years in which they won the awards. He asks you to assign the correct author and the correct date to each title. If, of the twenty facts requested, you achieve twelve, grade yourself C; if from thirteen through sixteen, grade yourself B; if from seventeen up, grade yourself AAA. Answers on page 42.

1. "The Store"	( )	Louis Bromfield	( )	1924
2. "The Able McLaughlins"	( )	Willa Cather	( )	1919
3. "Laughing Boy"	( )	Ernest Poole	( )	1933
4. "His Family"	( )	Booth Tarkington	( )	1918
5. "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"	( )	Thornton Wilder	( )	1928
6. "Early Autumn"	( )	T. S. Stribling	( )	1923
7. "Years of Grace"	( )	Margaret Wilson	( )	1947
8. "One of Ours"	( )	Robert Penn Warren	( )	1931
9. "All the King's Men"	( )	Oliver LaFarge	( )	1930
10. "The Magnificent Ambersons"	( )	Margaret A. Barnes	( )	1927

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A Little Frightened Land

"The Self-Betrayed," by Joseph Wechsberg *(Alfred A. Knopf. 301 pp. $3.95), is a novel about Czechoslovakia, the charming prewar land that became a grim Communist satellite, and of some of the people that endured the change.*

By Frederic Morton

JOSEPH WECHSBERG's first novel, "The Self-Betrayed," will not do much for fiction except prove what an elusive art it is. Mr. Wechsberg is a highly competent writer who began his career in Europe and then, despite the change in language, distinguished himself in this country as an essayist and practitioner of the more sophisticated kind of journalism. His subject, namely the rise and fall of a Communist dictator in Czechoslovakia, couldn't be more timely. And since he has chosen for the book's background his own earlier milieu he manages to be effortlessly familiar with all details. These factors ought to add up to a good novel. Instead they have produced a wobbly patchwork of nostalgia and politics.

Nostalgia animates the better part of the book. Jacques Willert, the narrator, who shares the author's initials and vital statistics, looks back to his family (Jewish, well-to-do, monarchist) and to his hometown near the Czech-Austrian border. His reflections start just after the end of World War I and, though they expend themselves mostly on sentimental sighs and fond exclamations about girls, they do capture something of the mood of the first Czechoslovak Republic. Jacques's stylized dancing class palpitations are the after-echoes of Hapsburg courtliness. His report on the complicated arrangement for divers May 1 demonstrations dramatizes the functioning democracy of Masaryk's day. And the rumbles he hears from Germany's direction are harbingers of holocaust. The usual cast of picturesque uncles and crotchety grandmothers disport themselves pleasantly between the main acts. As long as he sticks to this side of the story Mr. Wechsberg is entertaining, if not particularly profound.

The book deals far less effectively with its real theme. At the age of twelve Bruno Stern, the future Czech Beria, enters the picture. From that point on Mr. Wechsberg keeps assuring his readers that Bruno is disturbed, disturbing, magnetic, and weird. Unfortunately, he doesn't back up his announcements with a single persuasively dramatic scene. This doesn't badly damage the initial portions of the story for here the focus is on the narrator's problems, his adventures with women, violin concertos, and *Gymnasium* professors. Here we don't mind the periodic paragraph of little Bruno hunched over "Das Kapital" or slightly bigger Bruno sending the *n*th batch of shivers down sundry spines.

BUT in the later sections Jacques, who once confided his every adolescent tremor to the audience, suddenly fades into a mere narrative device. He's there chiefly to record Bruno's advance up the Red hier-

(*Continued on page* 49)

THE INCOMPARABLE GERTIE: When producer Richard Aldrich married stage star Gertrude Lawrence one friend quipped, "He'll soon find out she's Myth Lawrence." In the excellent **"Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A"** (Greystone, $4.50) Mr. Aldrich tells how unprophetic this remark was, for if nothing else Miss Lawrence was always herself —mercurial, in love with the world, so charged with energy that when people begged her doctor for the vitamins he gave Gertrude Lawrence he replied, "Vitamins should take *her*." Looking back at his life with Mrs. A the author thinks he met her at a point when she was outgrowing the frothy stage world and wanted a more mature existence. Able to charm all within reach, she worked her most potent spell on Mr. Aldrich's icy, aristocratic New England mother, who refused to read Bernard Shaw because he had written "Mrs. Warren's Profession." After seeing the bubbling Gertrude efficiently running a Cape Cod household and presiding over the beach picnics she loved the eighty-year-old dowager, too, was overcome, leaving the young Mrs. A free to work at thawing her husband, a man who started each day with a glass of cold milk. After several serious marital crises (largely due to divergent wartime careers, with a dash of husbandly jealousy) the Aldrich marriage appeared to achieve a state of rewarding calm, with the luminous lady who seemed unable to relax finally settling down quietly as Mrs. A. Then suddenly she plunged back into the theatre. Her role in "The King and I" was one of the most taxing Broadway has ever known, and offstage she was tireless in contributing time and efforts to good works. Undoubtedly all this contributed to her untimely death. It also leaves the question of why after finding the maturity she seemed groping for the actress turned her back on it so violently. But whatever posers she left behind Gertrude Lawrence was a brilliant, unforgettable person, and Mr. Aldrich (or a collaborator, for this is a highly professional job) has written a book about her which deserves the same glowing adjectives that were tossed at her during her lifetime. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

The wit of Mrs. A, a devoted Navy wife, earned Mr. A the name of Lieutenant Poop.

English war refugees whom Mrs. A helped bring to America.

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The Saturday Review

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Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
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The Mummification of Opinion

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following is drawn from an address by Senator J. William Fulbright delivered at the dinner of the National Book Awards in New York, Jan. 25.*

AS FAR back as the 1830s *freedom* of discussion and the influence of the *majority opinion* thereon was a matter of real concern to thoughtful people. Alexis de Tocqueville put it well I think:

> I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America. The will of man is not shattered, but softened, bent, and guided; men are seldom forced by it to act, but they are restrained from acting. The majority no longer says: "You shall think as I do or you shall die"; but it says: "You are free to think differently from me and to retain your life, your property, and all that you possess; but you are henceforth a stranger among your people. You may retain your civil rights, but they will be useless to you, for you will never be chosen by your fellow citizens if you solicit their votes; and they will affect to scorn you if you ask for their esteem. You will remain among men, but you will be deprived of the rights of mankind. Your fellow creatures will shun you like an impure being; and even those who believe in your innocence will abandon you, lest they should be shunned in their turn. Go in peace! I have given you your life, but it is an existence worse than death."

The sharp edge of that prophecy cuts deeply into us today, not alone because of the Senator from Wisconsin and not alone because of the driving pressure of his avowed followers. Restrictions on freedom of expression come from many sources, and in some cases for reasons unrelated to the ambitions of the Wisconsin revolutionary.

There is, for example, the narrowing effect inherent in the concentration of managerial control of the press, the radio, the movies—and, in the foreseeable future, television.

Within the last forty years, according to Morris Ernst, one-third of our daily newspapers have disappeared, and more than 3,000 weeklies have ceased publication. As of a recent date ten of our states did not have a single city with competing papers, and in the whole of America there are only a few more than 100 cities where one can find daily papers in competition. The pattern of concentration extends elsewhere. In radio one-fifth of the stations are interlocked with newspapers. Four networks dominate national radio, while less than two dozen advertisers account for 50 per cent of network income. And in the film industry five big companies exercise a dominant influence upon the industry.

Let me make one thing plain. I am not saying that what brought this to pass was in all cases the hand of monopoly grabbing for bigness as an end in itself. In some cases *cost*-account sheets *compelled* owners and managers to seek their survival by enlarging themselves through mergers. And it is to the credit of some of these that when they found themselves in a monopolistic position they tried to run the communications property as if it were a responsible public utility. But men of this outlook are, unfortunately, in the minority.

The general effect of what approaches monopoly control is that people hear, see, watch, read, and listen to only one side of public questions. And this in turn can adversely affect the public man to whom the guidance of public affairs is entrusted. He may know the truth and want to speak it. Yet he doubts whether his views, as transmitted to his constituents by those who control communication channels, will be fairly presented, or presented at all. So there often follows from this a chain reaction of cynicism leading to corruption. This public man, to achieve anything at all, will not use the open road, but will crowd himself into the path of low intrigue. He will not boldly scout what lies ahead for the nation. He will bend his weight to the end of having everything stand still. He will voice no prophecies of what ought to be. He will speak only the sterile dogmas of the street, and only those bits of rumor which bear the general sanction of the lords of communication.

And what of the end result to all this? It can be a society shaped in imitation of an Egyptian mummy; a society where the embalmer holds the highest place of honor; a society of fixed, painted, and hard shells; a society feeding on its dry rot, until the fateful hour when a probing finger striking the shell from without makes it collapse on the empty center.

THIS vision of the future is not drawn from the thin air or from a fevered imagination. It came after reading the report on tax-exempt foundations issued recently by the Reece Committee of the House of Representatives. There, in one sentence, Chairman Reece put himself on the side of all the pharoahs from Rameses I to the gentleman whose solar ship was uncovered recently. "The trustees of the tax-exempt foundations" said the Reece report, "should . . . be very chary of promoting ideas, concepts, and opinion-forming material which run contrary to what the public currently *wishes, approves,* and *likes.*"

I said a moment ago that in addition to Senator McCarthy restrictions on freedom of expression have been imposed by the most respectable sources. Recently, for example, our military academies banned all student debate on the question of the recognition of Red China. The cadets at West Point and the midshipmen at Annapolis, who are destined to be our military chiefs, presumably could discuss how many angels can sit on the point of a needle, or any other celes-

(*Continued on page* 48)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IGNORANT OF VALUES

THE EXCELLENT REVIEW of the Second Industrial Revolution under the heading "Atoms and Automation" [*SR* Jan. 22] is revealing to me of only one great truth. Both the champions and the skeptics of the new age are entirely ignorant of values. Although values are mentioned here and there in some of the articles, it is apparent that all of them hold only to the commonly accepted belief that values derive from products—the obvious materialistic outlook. It makes one wonder where "educated" people get their education—or does anyone trouble themselves about an education nowadays?

For several hundred years, from the beginnings of the first industrial and commercial revolutions, scholars have applied themselves to the study of economics and were coming up with the idea that values derive from human labor and that the wealth of nations was dependent upon the full employment and free exchange of this labor. Today we find a "science" of economics discarding the labor theory of value and teaching in the universities that "value is the ability of a good to command other goods in exchange." The human being and his efforts are almost entirely by-passed in order to be more objective in the analysis of economic forces.

The result is that most economists and industrialists rush to embrace every new non-human force and every new labor-saving machine or technique, and labor leaders, who should certainly do better, are unable to find the words and ideas with which to combat this threat to the security and esteem of human labor—some are unaware of any such threat. The labor leader, you see, is also "educated" today. He sits next to the industrialist in the same schools, and in an insipid atmosphere of conformity he listens to the same economists. And yet, even an economist ought to be able to figure out this much: We can produce more things more cheaply, not because of automatic machines and atomic energy, but because these things do away with human labor. By doing away with human labor we do away with the very thing that imparts value to a product. Thus, a product is made cheaper because less human labor is used in its production. Simple? Not to the economist. He begins by defining value in terms of products, then, when products change in value due to the production-devaluation process of the "industrial revolutions" he gets himself and everyone else all involved in theories of production, distribution, and finance without ever coming near to the core of economics—the *value* of things.

As far as labor (which is to say, people in general) is concerned, there is less to fear from the Second Industrial Revolution than there was from the First, if we have learned anything by the experience. At first the labor cost of producing atomic energy and automatic machinery will be more than these can displace. So that the general level of wealth in the nation will remain high due to a high level of employment in new industries while workers in older fields are being displaced. As time goes on the level of employment may still be maintained by the increased consumption of new goods, although there is risk here of eating our cupboards bare by the despoilation of natural resources before our technology comes to the rescue with new fuels and foods. However, the same grave dangers exist in the Second as in the First Industrial Revolution. These lie in our disparagement or ignorance of human values.

And, because of this ignorance and carelessness of the importance of human labor, a few clever men (either from greed, profit motives, or simple ambition clouded by the general ignorance of values) will exploit labor and, without meaning to, will create injustice and poverty. The question will then arise for history to answer: How many more depressions and wars will be necessary for people to adjust their disruption of values caused by the Second Industrial Revolution?

FRANK MEMOLI.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Well, that settles it. There *was* intelligent life on Mars!"

HENRY ADAMS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

HENRY ADAMS "belonged to a tradition that inquired about the meaning and not merely the function of things." This is a very interesting and basic point in N.C.'s editorial "Time to Think" [*SR* Jan. 22]. I think that is why, as he grew older, Henry Adams felt a closer sense of identification with his Norman ancestors of the twelfth century than with his own nineteenth-century milieu. Its unity had meaning; all Europe was united in Christianity. Though Adams inclined more to stoicism than Christianity he was increasingly impressed by the high point of contemplation reached in the culmination of Chartres Cathedral.

The nineteenth century did not understand or appreciate Henry Adams, but with the release of atomic energy the twentieth century may. "If the acceleration, measured by the development and economy of forces," Adams said, "were to continue at its rate since 1800 the mathematician of 1950 should be able to plot the past and future of the human race."

The implication of Adams's theory does require a good deal of contemplation.

MRS. JOSE CASANOVA.

Hamden, Conn.

A SHUTTERBUG MISS

FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I can't understand how you missed cut on one of the best photography books in existence in your "Guide for Shutterbugs" [SR Jan. 15]. "The Amateur Photographer's Handbook," by Aaron Sussman, is an honest up-to-date treatise on what to buy and why. There aren't enough books that describe in Sussman's understandable language the behavior of the lens, how to take a picture and how not to, and the thousand and one other so-called "secrets" of photography.

RALPH SAMUELS.

New York, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Laughing Matters?

"Festival" is Sam and Bella Spewack's over-embroidered story of a naive girl (Betty Field) who wanders into a nest of vain and selfish mercenarians and in the course of the evening discovers that lying to others may be less dishonest than lying to herself. This theme is valid, but the Spewacks neglect it in favor of a halfhearted plot concerning the efforts of an impresario (Paul Henreid) to trick a hypochondriac pianist to fly to Mexico City. The audience is no more interested in either the theme or the plot than have been its authors, and the action is forcibly towed from laugh to laugh.

Ronald Alexander's **"The Grand Prize"** also begins with a valid notion. A conventional secretary (June Lockhart) is given the opportunity to be boss for a day, reversing positions with her spoiled and apparently wolfish employer (John Newland). But before Mr. Alexander has really gotten underway with the potentialities of such a situation he begins to cheat in the direction of a wholesome happy ending. The boss, it turns out, is not a wolf, but really in love with his secretary. And she is less interested in teaching the boss a lesson than she is in marrying him. The chief virtues of "The Grand Prize" are an opening sketch satirizing TV and a beaten-down character who pricks the bubbles of the advertising business with such remarks as, "All you need to get along is no opinions—but they must be definite." In addition, this man as played with Elliott Nugent-like stubbornness by Tom Poston gives a droll pantomime of what can best be described as partly a drunken revolt against the indignities of his trade, and partly an effort to conform to what he is revolting against in order not to be thought drunk. An aggressive and lecherous blonde (Betsy Palmer) goes incredibly to waste in Mr. Alexander's den of iniquity.

Whatever the number of laughs (I am not sure that these plays should not be reviewed by statisticians with laugh meters) and whatever the skill with which they have been fitted together, "Festival" and "The Grand Prize" are unsatisfactory as plays. Two more substantial though far less polished works are Harold Levitt's **"The Passion of Gross"** and George Bellak's **"The Troublemakers."** By coincidence, both of these off-Broadway dramas take place in a college setting, and both support freedom of speech.

"The Passion of Gross," though vastly overwritten and pretentious, is to be praised for making Professor Gross's refusal to sign a loyalty oath a matter of personal discovery rather than the obvious heroic gesture. However, Mr. Levitt obscures his play by allowing his characters to converse in soliloquies. He is typical of a kind of intelligent young writer who as yet lacks the passion for spareness and neat metaphor to match a passion for originality.

Mr. Bellak has no such problems with "The Troublemakers." The drama of a college student who stood by, objecting only verbally, as four drunken classmates unintentionally murdered his roommate by beating him up is reminiscent of a case reported in the newspapers a few years ago. But Mr. Bellak has added what seems an unnecessary complication. The murdered student is a radical, and this is made a motive for the killing as well as for the university and the community to go easy on investigation and punishment. The play is too much a narrative and there is a regrettable amount of unprovoked shouting in this production. Yet "The Troublemakers" emerges as clear and dramatic theatre.

"Plain and Fancy" is a kind of Pennsylvania "As You Like It," with music and gags added. While its Albert Hague score doesn't put it in the same bracket with that classic pastoral "Oklahoma!" or even with that lusty saga of the Forty-Niners "Paint Your Wagon," the show itself is potentially in that family. While Raoul Pène du Bois' sets are lovely creations, built around motifs found in the center of the Amish country, the action is more colorful than it is exciting. Its authors, Joseph Stein and Will Glickman, have a healthy respect for the integrity of the Amish but obviously they would not want to move to Bird-in-Hand. Their sympathies lie with a couple of city-slickers (John Derr and Shirl Conway) whose temporary incommoding while down on the farm makes for solid yaks, but who disperse the strong heart-interest "Plain and Fancy" needs if we are to fancy its plainness to any unusual degree.

—Henry Hewes.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Prisons and Paris

"Unchained" (Warner Brothers) is one of those films—so very earnest, so very sincere—that make you wish it might have been better. Filmed at Chino, California's experimental prison without bars, it tries conscientiously to give a true picture of the monumental work being done there. Warden Scudder, played by Chester Morris, meets each new batch of inmates personally and immediately advises them how to escape over the barbed-wire fence without injuring themselves. "But," he warns them, "once you have left Chino you can never come back." The film makes it amply clear that the institution is a model of its kind, and prisoners very rightly think twice before breaking the trust that has been placed in them.

Hall Bartlett, the young writer, producer, and director of "Unchained," went to extraordinary lengths to insure the accuracy of his film. For three months he had himself incarcerated at Chino so that he could observe its workings at first hand, interviewing the men, learning their reactions to this new type of penal system. When his shooting script was ready—based jointly on Kenyon Scudder's book "Prisoners Are People" and Bartlett's own observations —he submitted it not only to Scudder but to the Chino Men's Council, an elected committee of the inmates.

Unfortunately, strict accuracy does not always produce stark drama. In his scrupulous avoidance of the sensationalisms that infest most prison pictures Bartlett is certainly to be congratulated. Also, he has skirted the stereotypes that abound in so many of these films—especially in his handling of the Negro honor prisoner, played with deep conviction by Todd Duncan. But these are negative virtues. What emerges on the positive side is commendable as social utterance but somewhat lacking in filmic power. Passions, conflicts rarely overflow into action: they are answered instead by sane, sound arguments. But if the film seems pallid perhaps the fault is ours. Perhaps we have become so accustomed to seeing Chester Morris with machine gun in hand snarling his defiance of prison authority that we can no longer be excited by a film in which an older, quieter Morris represents authority, and reason and understanding have taken the place of brute force.

But Hall Bartlett is definitely on the right track. Still in his early thirties, he has already produced three pictures he can well be proud of—"Navajo," "Crazylegs," and now "Unchained." In each he has tried to tell, modestly and honestly, something about the dignity of the individual. It's a good sign. Hollywood can certainly use more such dedicated young men.

* * *

From France comes a jolly and offbeat little comedy, **"Holiday for Henrietta"** (Ardee). Actually, it's a sort of film within a film. Two scriptwriters have just learned that the censors turned down their last *chef d'oeuvre*. Now they have to build a new story from scratch. Searching the newspapers for a theme, they find a story about a man who turned bicycle thief after his own bicycle had been stolen, another about a protracted fight between a Communist mayor and the Catholic priest in a small Italian town. Both are dismissed as impractical. Instead, they concoct a little tale about a Parisian seamstress and all that happens to her on her birthday.

The story is simplicity itself—and, it must be admitted, barely more than adequate for an ordinary screenplay. But it is punctuated throughout by the "thinking out loud" of the more lurid of the two writers. And as each interjection appears on the screen we recognize it as another movie cliché—but always we come back to Henrietta and her young photographer, Robert, and the gallant thief who befriends her when Robert goes off to keep a "business appointment" with glamorous Hildegarde Neff.

The whole success of such a film depends upon the charm and *élan* with which it's carried off. In this instance the screenplay is the joint creation of Julien Duvivier (who, incidentally, directed the "rejected" "Little World of Don Camillo") and Henri Jeanson, who wrote the delightful "Fanfan the Tulip" of a few seasons back. It skips along joyously, aided by Georges Auric's tunefully apposite score and Duvivier's own boundless enthusiasm for the Paris scene. The touch is delicate, the irony gentle. And the entire cast, headed by Dany Robin, Hildegarde Neff, and Michel Auclair, seems to enter fully into the spirit of whimsical gaiety intrinsic to the idea.

—Arthur Knight.

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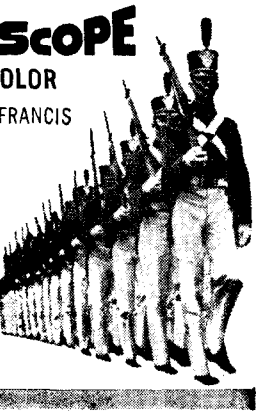

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THE graying-at-the-temples steel magnate pacing the dimly-lit drawing-room is mistaken by his trusty butler for a burglar. He feels a .38 in his ribs and crumples up on the Aubusson carpet. The hosiery tycoon, three sheets over and fumbling for his latch-key, surprises his two-timing wife, who thinks he's in Chicago, and collides with the door-mat when she busts his skull with a filigree candlestick. The dumb punk, rifling the wall safe and making too much noise about it, unexpectedly finds an ice-pick in his jugular vein.

The handsome actor, having crossed up the leading lady, suddenly gets dead in an odoriferous stage-door alley. The curvaceous model from Keokuk is found hanging from a Victorian chandelier in a sleazy Big City hotel, while the nonchalant crew captain socks his too friendly co-ed with a canoe paddle, in the manner of Dreiser's "American Tragedy" (title changed for pictures), and over-board she goes.

The cops rush in, the dicks rush in, the private eyes rush in, kindly old investigators rush in. Along come the detective lieutenants and the lieutenant detectives, complete with their scurrying sergeants and stooges and assorted sycophants. Since all they want is "the facts, Ma'am"—and this in the space of half an hour to the accompaniment of incidental music—to hell with the *corpus delicti.*

The rich red blood of the steel magnate makes ever-widening circles on the priceless Aubusson. The door-mat becomes glued to the checker-board floor of the suburban vestibule. The stage-door alley grows even more odoriferous. The Powers girl still sways uncertainly from her chandelier, while the co-ed is left to the mercies of the sharks and other little fishes.

Intent on cracking "The Case of the Tongue-Tied Canary," or whatever, the boys in blue, or more likely in baggy gray with pull-down hats and hand-painted ties, merely turn their broad backs on the departed "loved one." So do the trusty butlers and two-timing wives and weeping widows and prostrated business partners and I-told-you-so parents from the sticks. So do the district street cleaners and sanitary departments and boards of health, the layer-outers, the cosmeticians and the embalmers, the florists, the sweet singers of the church choir, and the monument vendors.

No one bothers to alert the press or the home-town rag, the relatives or the country cousins. Forgotten in the hurlyburly are the ministers, the pall-bearers, and the gravediggers. Poor Yorick never knew how lucky he was.

Only once in a blue moon does anybody tip off the coroner, the lawyer, or the insurance broker. No one gives a thought to prayers, services, masses, or requiems for the violently deceased, to the ubiquitous wreaths and sprays, to the softly-gliding hearses and caskets upholstered in purple velvet, or to any of the other mortuary trappings and conventions. Oh, Mr. Evelyn Waugh would not care for this at all! No one makes a gesture towards cleaning up the mess that brought the boys running in the first place—or even has the delicacy to close the door.

The corpse, without even a make-shift shroud, is irreverently left to decompose wherever it may happen to lie or hang or float, usually in an uncomfortable if not actually compromising position.

No one is ever remotely concerned with what used to be called decent Christian burial, whether in an imposing family vault of shiny Carrara marble or in some weed-choked potter's field. Only seldom does the innocent victim, or careless transgressor, succeed in getting a free ride to the morgue. The bell just doesn't seem to toll for anybody anymore.

No, I haven't been having nightmares. I haven't even been reading Raymond Chandler or Micky Spillane.

So help me, I've only been listening to the radio.

Whasamatta, isn't there an undertaker in the audience?

—DALE WARREN.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Tebaldi and Kempe

THE voices of Mario del Monaco (tenor) and Leonard Warren (baritone) are the beginning of a fine-sounding "Otello," as New York well knows, and Rudolf Bing made his cast aces high when he added Renata Tebaldi's soprano in her Metropolitan debut as Desdemona. San Francisco had heard her briefly four seasons ago, which contributed the more to the pent-up interest attending her reputation as one of Italy's top artists of the postwar era. For those who filled seats and standing room this was clearly one of the prime events of the Met season.

From the first tones of her duet with Otello to the final beautifully controlled A flat of the "Ave Maria" (which pianissimo, perversely, unleashed a chorus of "bravas") Mme. Tebaldi sang with a maximum of composure and a minimum of vocal strain, with a sweeping command of every useful technical device for floating, spinning, or thrusting tone over, under, or with an orchestra. Hers is an impressive rather than an eloquent instrument, but she strikes one as the kind of artist whose cultivation and obvious refinement of purpose will steadily grow in the public affection.

It is, indeed, a couple of decades since Italy has sent to this country a singer of such meticulous attention to detail, such ingrained sense of musical fitness (Licia Albanese was probably the last, counting Callas as "American-Greek.") She wisely saved her major effort for Act IV—the only time in the whole opera when she is alone on the stage—in a superb "Willow Song" and an even more absorbing "Ave Maria," but there was no moment earlier when she did not attend to every musical requirement of Verdi in a demonstration of composure not often encountered in such circumstances.

If anything, this iron-willed control (Mme. Tebaldi could hardly have been indifferent to the occasion) related to the only reservation roused by her performance. This was a certain lack of dramatic impact, of stage vibrance and immediate audience appeal. A big handsome woman of gracious presence and easy movement, Mme Tebaldi has, apparently, been schooled to regard the beautiful sound as more important than the incisive meaning. No one is going to quibble with beautiful sound on the Tebaldi level; let us hope for the impossible and regard her Desdemona, model of vocal art that it was, as but the beginning of her success as a dramatic artist.

In other respects this was an "Otello" distinguished by the steadily forceful leadership of Fritz Stiedry, and a vast improvement in Mario del Monaco's delineation of the tortured Moor. His unceasing reservoir of youthful vocal strength has been dammed up here and there by some restraining walls, so that the values now go pretty much in a straight direction. Nevertheless, one would tax him with the responsibility to develop by a good deal a command of dramatic means to complement the effect of his amazing voice. Right now the gamut is from the imperiously wrathful to the wrathfully imperious, which is a step ahead of what he was previously offering, but not yet the limit of his capacity.

That challenge has already been met by Leonard Warren, whose Iago has a richness of sound rare in any epoch of Verdian performance. His makeup (especially in the wig department) was an improvement on his last visualization of the character; but he has yet to solve the matter of facial play. Verdi, as is well known, thought of Iago as a man with "a long, thin face, thin lips, small eyes close to the nose, as monkeys have." Unfortunately, these anatomical considerations do not consort readily with the kind of resonant features required to sing the "Credo" Verdi wrote for Iago (not to mention much other exacting music), which means that compromise is inevitable. Warren sings the music, especially "Era la notte," increasingly well, now with finesse as well as power. The creation of complete dramatic illusion remains his challenge.

Short of a restaged production that would reanimate the whole subject, this was an "Otello" of substantially fine musical values, if only occasionally believable dramatic ones.

RUDOLF KEMPE'S debut at the Metropolitan Opera, delayed though it was for a week by the touchy vocal condition of Ramon Vinay, finally introduced him as the conductor of a "Tannhäuser" notable for physical vitality and firm musical outline. The score did not emerge as the orchestral showpiece which George Szell made of it last season—it is doubtful that Wagner thought of it as such in the first place—but it seemed to me a much more consecutive theatre experience. Contributing to the effect of Kempe's vigorous leadership were the greater solidity of Margaret Harshaw's Elisabeth (more believable to the eye as well as to the ear), George London's enhanced ease as Wolfram, and the fine Landgrave of Jerome Hines.

Considering the sense he makes of this part, it is an unhappy fact that Vinay is vocally uneasy in it, though when he chooses to sing out the notes come. The thick ungainly sound is more in the mind than in the voice, one suspects; though this hardly makes Vinay's problem any easier. Clifford Harvuot, Norman Scott, Paul Franke, and Giulio Gari added strength to the ensemble, which is more than can be said for the rough-sounding, forceful, but not seductive Venus of Astrid Varnay.

In terms of present accomplishment it would be absurd to put the Dresden-born Kempe, now in his early forties, in the class of such experienced conductors as Reiner and Szell, Walter and Busch, who have come and gone at the Metropolitan in recent years (or the enduring Stiedry). However, he is a younger one who could come and stay to the general benefit—energetic both in thought and action, with a proper regard for voices and orchestra, neither taxing one nor slighting the other. So far as "Tannhäuser" is an indication he knows how to keep a Wagnerian score in motion, no small recommendation in itself. His treatment of the overture was warmly applauded.

The realistic task of being the second Negro artist to sing at the Metropolitan after the emotional outpouring on behalf of Marian Anderson fell to Robert McFerrin, an Arkansas-born baritone in his early thirties, who sang Amonasro in "Aida" at his debut. So far as the circumstances of this occasion disclosed McFerrin is a solidly grounded artist (he won the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air in 1953) who is probably a more lyric singer than Amonasro's music invites. However, he had the dramatic detail of the Ethiopian general well in hand, and performed with sufficient competence to justify his presentation in the part.

The musical revelation of this generally spirited "Aida," well-conducted by Fausto Cleva, was the singing of Herva Nelli in the title role. Her schooling is, of course, of the best, since she was assiduously prepared for the well-remembered broadcast under Toscanini's direction. Hers is a voice with the impact as well as the suavity to make an excellent Aida if she could attain the confidence to forget her surroundings and sing as she well can. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Girdle 'Round the Globe

By FREDERICK RAMSEY, JR.

FOR some years now (five and a little over, to be precise) Columbia Records, Inc., and Alan Lomax have been preparing to let loose a world-salvo of taped, collated, and LPed folk music. A fourteen-volume salute has been detonated, with thirty and more volumes still to come—and so far its percussions are both distracting and provocative.*

Before setting the torch Lomax delivered a statement which, as he once wrote of Jelly Roll Morton's fragment of an autobiography, "rolled time back to its very dawn": "Thus, in a thin stack of records one may carry about in two hands," he exulted, "the profoundest and most communicative of the arts will be documented. *Vox humana!* The folksongs of rural Europe and America are linked with the musics of older civilizations and these again with the chants of primitive man."

All this is something that has been suspected for a good number of years by a good number of musicologists, amateurs, and students of folk and primitive music, but the palm certainly goes to Lomax for putting it in such aromatic language.

So far these first fourteen volumes do represent the first attempt anywhere, by any one person, to collect and correlate a bulky heritage of music which has languished somewhat obscurely in regions of its origin. The increasingly fat ethnic record-catalogues of several other record companies have already proved that the material is there for the asking. But the fourteen volumes so far available of Columbia's World Library do bind into several bands the best efforts of responsible persons to cover the territory staked out on each of its sleeve-maps. Further, each map is dotted with a rash of circled numbers which correspond (although not always—there's many a typo between the band and the sleeve) to selections included on the records.

There is even a rather loose system of cross-reference implicit in notes that accompany each volume; in the New Guinea volume, for example, we are referred to the Indonesian LP, and are informed that some characteristics of New Guinea music also crop up in Dalmatia (see Yugoslavia).

Aside from these more or less random suggestions, however, there is no overall effort at comparative musicology, and, considering the general weightiness of notes contributed to some of the sets, perhaps this is a good thing. Yet it does bring us smack up against a major problem confronting compilers of this World Library of Folk and Primitive Music—how far should it go in the direction of serious and sometimes formidable scholarship, and how far should it attempt to reach out to a mass audience? It is here that one senses the greatest inconsistency. Some of the volumes have been methodically assembled by scholars with years of experience in their particular fields—Jaap Kunst and Indonesia come to mind—while others represent more or less random happenstance. BBC microphones manned by Peter Kennedy, were on hand to catch a folk-music festival in Yugoslavia — and that's how the LP that "represents" Yugoslavia came into being.

This forces one conclusion concerning the World Library; it does not jell as a *Lumpenprojekt.* Perhaps this was something already anticipated by Lomax, in his prefatory remarks, when he referred to "the interesting tendency of experts to disagree." It is not this tendency, however, which, although interestingly displayed, makes for an uneven result. Possibly a run-through of each specific LP will help to clarify this conclusion.

For Ireland, first volume in the set, Lomax collaborated with Seamus Ennis, Robin Roberts, Brian George, the Irish Folklore Commission, the BBC, and Radio Eireana. The results are generally happy, with a high degree of success maintained in getting down what Lomax refers to as "the last notes of the old, high, and beautiful Irish civilization."

WE ARE introduced, in this very first LP, to a principle guiding compilation of several volumes of the series—where *folksingers* are not available to perform a given item *singers of folk songs* (here, Seamus Ennis) are employed. This distinction belongs to Duncan Emrich, who aired his views concerning it in a letter to *The Saturday Review* [*SR* Nov. 28, 1953].

This does not necessarily detract from the interest of the recordings, for Seamus Ennis is, judging from his delivery of the Irish songs "The Banks of the Roses," "The Rocks of Bawn," and "Whiskey in the Jar," a fine, undefeated singer. So is Isla Cameron, who appears in both the Scots and English volumes, and who happens to be not a folksinger, but an actress appearing in London. It simply means, that for versions of some of the songs, we are one step removed from their source, or, as Emrich puts it, "the folksong has been moved out of its original *milieu.*"

The second volume, "African Music from the French Colonies," is edited by André Schaeffner, chief, and Gilbert Rouget, assistant, section of musicology, Musée de l'Homee, Paris. It is a superb and careful piece of documentation, opening up the riches of a collection previously unavailable

* *Columbia SLs 204-217, $6.95 each.*

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any but scholars who could make e trip to Paris. It also benefits igularly from a more expanded ne-perspective than has been af-ded many other volumes in the ries: the French have been lugging eir microphones about assiduously a number of years, and the results several recording *safaris* combine re to give an expansive report of rican music.

THE third volume, "English Folk ngs," is edited by Peter Kennedy d Alan Lomax for the English Folk d Dance Society from the Recorded rograms Library of the BBC. To is reviewer it is one of the least teresting records of the series, be-use so much of the material simply ocuments the resistance of British lk (in sharp contrast to the Irish d Scots) to the imagination. The od British husbandmen "pinch and oke" the hard, everyday ground, but not take her on, as do the Irish, a "rhythmic lover." "I be a turmut-er, from Wiltshire I do come," has tendency to slow down the emotions. n unexpected high-spot is provided, not for lovers of folk music, at least r historians of the theatre, in "The ummer's Play," which preserves the aditional "rant of country players." s Lomax points out, this may have een the sort of sound and fury to hich the young Shakespeare first rutted.

Volume Four, "French Folk Music," edited by Mlle. Marcel-Dubois, ief, and Maguy Andral, assistant, epartment of musical ethnology, *Iusée national des arts et traditions opulaires.* It suffers from transcrip-ons of questionable technical quality. lthough we might find this forgiv-ble in some instances — one might ell claim that certain examples, such s the *briolée,* or ploughing song, re-orded on a cylinder in 1913, could ot otherwise have been represented -it seems harder to overlook when ates for so many of the bands are iven as falling between 1946 and 951, a time when there should be ttle excuse for limited range. The pread of material is good, however, nd many French provinces not pre-iously heard from on records are ell documented here. The songs rom Brittany, winding up the final ide, are among the more musical and naginative.

Volume Five, "Australian Aborig-nal Songs" and "Songs from Eastern New Guinea," is of major interest. t has been edited by Dr. A. P. Elkin, epartment of anthropology, Univer-ity of Sydney, with contributions rom Rev. A. P. Dupeyrat and the Australian Broadcasting Commission. In 1949," writes Dr. Elkin, "I took the University of Sydney's first re-cording party into southern and cen-tral Arnhem Land, northeast of Katherine, a town about 180 miles south of Darwin." The recordings docu-ment portions of a secret ceremony called the "*Maraian*—a kind of 'All Souls' Festival." "Songs from Eastern New Guinea" (Side 2) take us to "the largest island in the world and one of the least explored areas." One tribe, the Wabaga, was discovered for the first time in 1935. Songs of the Kuni and Tawade are remarkable examples of choral music.

In Scotland, Volume Six, a perva-sive lyric vein is tapped. The set was recorded and edited by Lomax with the help of the MacLeans of Raasay, Hamish Henderson, and William Montgomerie; contributions were made by the BBC; translations and texts of Gaelic songs were supplied by Sorley McLean. It contains such rousing joys as a short bit of piping and drumming by the Glasgow Police Band, a roistering "The Souters of Selkirk" (Side 1, No. 2), sung and played in the streets of Selkirk by citizens and their band; two fine solos from a dancing melodeon played by Jimmy Shand (Side 1, No. 15); and some "waulking songs" that fully justify Alan Lomax's sincere and steadfast devotion to world folk music. "Waulking" is the operation of cleans-ing, thickening, and shrinking the tweed. It is done by women, and the mood of woman's work and woman's life domi-nates the singing.

It would be well worth a trip to Cas-tlebay, Island of Barra, simply to pick up a telephone connect-ed to the local ex-change, if singer Flora McNeill were on duty at the hour one happened to land. She is a daughter of one of the singing women of Barra, and is employed as a tele-phone operator. I was deeply moved by her singing of "Och, a Thearlaich Oig Stiub-hart" ("Lament for William Chisholm") and "Cairistiona," which conclude the Scots LP, and I sin-cerely hope that in-habitants of this island have the good taste never to install a dialing system.

"Indonesian Mu-sic," Volume Seven of the World Library, is prepared from recordings taken by J. Hobbel, André Dupeyrat, the Musée Guimet, Radio Indonesia, Alan Lomax, and Bernard Ijzerdraat. Notes and photo-graphs are supplied by Jaap Kunst, of the Indische Museum, Amsterdam. Both are of a high order of excellence. Jaap Kunst, as can be perceived by his voice on these recordings, is pol-ished, convincing, and sensitive in his perception of Indonesian music. His notes are concise and useful without lapsing into academic doggerel, and for the same reason throughly read-able. It is rather a happy coincidence that the music he writes about is so pleasant, so sophisticated, and so thoroughly enjoyable.

AMONG the minor gems of the In-donesian collection is a short harle-quinade played by a *gong sembilan* with drums ("Pangayu," Side 1, No. 13); the drummer and all nine of the gongs involved could place easily and proudly alongside any combo ever dreamed up by Benny Goodman. A unique demonstration is also provided in the band (Side 2, No. 29) titled "Structure of Javanese Gamelan." In it Jaap Kunst and a group of Dutch youngsters he has helped to instruct "in the pure Javanese *kraton* style" perform architectonically to frame up a live *gamelan.*

After Indonesia, Canada comes next as Volume Eight in the Library. This LP is edited and an-notated by Marius Barbeau from nation-al collections. Extra contributions are from Jean Gabus, Museum of Neucha-tel, and Ida Halpern. French-Canadian music occupies the center of the stage, but a reasonable number of bands is allotted to music of Huron-Iroquois Indians, Eskimos, Northwest Indians, and to songs from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. One emerges from this audition with a mixed feeling of polyglot in-fluences and musics, and is inclined to conclude that the French-Canadians, with their "Break-downs Annoncés" (Side 1, No. 16) and "Reels Gaspesiens" (Side 1, No. 20) have

(*See page* 34)

Japanese priest and recorder.

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If Clouds Had Sound

By FAUBION BOWERS

THE TINY little kingdom of Cambodia, which used to belong to French Indo-China, is now independent, and the only French remaining here are the High Commissioner, a handful of rubber planters and pepper growers (Cambodia produces the best pepper in the world), and a cadre of instructors at the Ecole Militaire. When the French first took over, a little more than half a century ago, Cambodia had been swallowed up and almost obliterated by Siam, and the king was without a throne. Whether France's motives were for "colonization" or not, when the French made Cambodia a Protectorate they did a very great service. They not only saved one of the last few remaining paradises, but they made possible three important things: the discovery and reconstruction of the magnificent ruins of Angkor (of which Angkor Wat is only one of 600, and the most impressive), the reorganization and maintenance of one of the finest troupes of dancers in the world—the Royal Dancers of the Palace, and the flourishing of some of the world's most charming and pleasant music in an atmosphere of security and quiet peacefulness.

Offhand, I can think of no other country where music is so casual, so widespread, or so cheaply available as it is here in Cambodia. Sauntering through the vast ruin of Angkor Wat itself (it covers three square miles, if you include the wide moat), you can say *plen* (music) to anyone among the little crowd of village children that are always hovering somewhere, in some shadowy corner of the temple, and one of them is sure to whip out a tiny, corroded, silver "jew's harp"—shaped like a pair of tweezers with a slender arrow as its center prong—and begin playing. But this is not amateur; it is a virtuoso performance, a *tour de force* of a spectacular sort. Your performer will produce melodies involving around six different pitches, each strongly rhythmic and punctuated with fantastic, quivering, florid melismata. He will trill vibrantly on an after-resonance that floats away into space and disappears; he will blow harshly and produce a loud, breathy sort of a shudder or snort. And in tune after tune, rhythm after rhythm, he will parcel out his tricks until you think there is nothing much else such a primitive little instrument can do. He follows you as you wander over the temple looking at the massive bas-reliefs carved out of stone, and you find yourself looking for *his* mouth harp in the carvings wherever there are musicians depicted, and find yourself imagining *his* music accompanying the celestial dancers whose graceful figures are carved on every pillar, every lintel, and almost everywhere you look. If you say *rom* (dance) to him, he will wave his hand and posture his body in a half-effort to copy the sculpture poses on the walls, while playing at the same time.

Or, again, if you wander along the village roads of Siemreap (which means literally, "conquered by the Siamese"), the most central place for all the ruins and where tourists stay, there is every likelihood, as happened to me just the other night, of your chancing upon a musician returning home carrying an enormous, moon-shaped lute. If you stop him and make motions for him to play for you, and offer him the equivalent of a few cents, he will quickly agree. Then the people in front of whose hut you happen to be will clear a space for you, turn up their oil lamp to make their house brighter for the guests, and offer you a clear, cool glass of coconut water. (The Cambodians are the most hospitable people imaginable.) When you get closer to the instrument, you see it is homemade—pieces of wood, rough carved, glued and nailed together, with two, taut strings of twine over ten frets down a long neck that curves backward like a hungry swan's neck, and it is played with a thimble of water-buffalo leather over the thumb. It is called *chabei* and sounds as soft and dulcet as the warm Cambodian night air feels. As soon as your few cents' worth of music is used up, the musician will ask to be excused, and of course you nod your permission. Then he plays another composition, the *samlieh* or "greetings" piece which should close each performance, partly out of respect to the art and partly in deference to the chief auditor. It would be rude simply to get up and walk away.

It will also probably turn out, as it did with me, that the musician will be so intrigued by the idea of a foreigner being interested in music that he will suggest of his own accord bringing the rest of the orchestra tomorrow—as he is only one membe and a junior one at that. So, we before the appointed time (Cam bodians are apt to be irritating early), six musicians turn up, ha dressed in sarongs of faded green an purple checks (favorite colors here the others in black Chinese-style py jamas and a simple, black cambr pyjama top. They spread out their lit tle square mat of woven reeds at you feet, sit crosslegged, and without cer emony begin to play. In addition t the moon-shaped lute, there are tw drums, each played across the la with loud, heavy thuds alternate with a kind of muted thump, a rau cous violin-type of three-stringed in strument which is played (muc double-stopping to strengthen th melody) like a cello, and a twelve inch long reed instrument played lik a recorder and which sounds some where between an oboe and a flute There are only five instruments, anc one person always sits by. During th course of each piece, the instrument are shifted from one person to an other, and except for the lead drum mer every member of the orchestra gets a chance at playing each of the other instruments. This type of or chestra plays what is known as "mar riage music," and is only one of the many groups here that earn their liv ing by roaming from one place to an other, wherever there are marriages

AT A certain point, without saying *rom*, after the musicians are warmed up, I think, the "idle" member of the orchestra begins to sing, and shortly after, gets up to dance. Without stepping off the small mat, he jerks and sways and articulates his fingers, flexing them back and forth, and raises and lowers his shoulders. Then he sits down again. By this time we have collected quite a crowd of village spectators—as Cambodians are never too busy to come and listen to music and watch dancing. And as the drummer goes "trrrrr, trrrrr" (the way we used to have to in primary schoo when we sang songs about the sound the woodpecker makes), he exhorts some woman from among the crowd to dance. Now is the time to say *rom* and so one of the women steps onto the mat; the orchestra, laughing and playing with even more abandon squeezes to one side. She halfheartedly gesticulates and sings what a Cambodian friend translated for me as—"I am a woman. I do not want to dance. I am afraid of my husband," and as the audience roars she runs from the mat. (Words of all "wedding songs" are improvised on the spur of the moment and follow strict rules of rhythm and rhyme.) Immediately, the drummer gives his drum

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› the "idle" one, and *he* begins to sing nd dance—"I saw your mouth, tained with betel nut. I love you. There is the male buffalo, and there s the female buffalo too, and I am a nan and you are a woman!" The voman comes back to dance again. And so it goes on until I gave them hundred piastres (scarcely two dollars), and after the *samlieh* music of respect and greetings I returned home.

Of course, the supreme music of Cambodia is the regular, full-scale orchestra, which is at its most perfect n the Royal Palace accompanying the lancers there. It consists of gongs and bells, drums, and ivory horns with slender bamboo reeds, and carefully tuned bamboo xylophones of several sizes. It can be of as many players as there are instruments available, but an average size is from eight to ten people. In my opinion, the Cambodian orchestra composed of these instruments is one of the most delicious and satisfying sounds there is. Sometimes it is like the lapping of waves gently splashing against the sand of a tropical beach. At other times, in its slower passages, it makes you think that if clouds had sound surely it would be something like this music. I know of nothing more genuinely tranquil and calm in a spiritual sense.

In Siemreap, you can have a concert of such music say, on the parvis of Angkor Wat itself, or, if you prefer, by moonlight in one of the galleries of mysterious Bayon, where each of the fifty huge towers of the temple have four enormous faces carved on their sides. This is the most expensive concert you can have in Cambodia and costs around twenty dollars. The reason for this high price is that the instruments have to be rented from one of the local Chinese (who owns every musical instrument in town, except the homemade ones, as well as every dancing costume). For a few extra cents, village boys and girls will bring lighted torches of tightly-bound stalks of straw dipped in kerosene to light the musicians as they play. Since you are foreigners, the musicians will pay a special homage to you by playing a "Western" air. This is apt to be "La Marseillaise" (unrecognizable—as the scale is different and the flat, flat seventh takes away one of the melody's clearest guideposts). Then they will play "dance" music, "battle" music, "demon" music, love music, entry and exit music for heroes—and lastly, of course, the final *samlieh* of respect and farewell.

You walk away with the limpid, liquid, exotic sounds floating in your ears, wondering how it is possible for a country to be so completely spontaneous and improvisatory in such a complicated and subtle art as music.

". . . one of the most delicious and satisfying sounds there is."

Grass-Roots Rondo

HOW Americans make music at the grass-roots level, how we shout, clap, whistle, and tap out fascinating rhythms with our fingers, is the subject of **"Millions of Musicians"** (Folkways FP-60), produced, recorded, and narrated by Tony Schwarz. Ignoring the professional world of music bounded by Broadway, Tin-Pan Alley, and the dead-pan alley along 57th Street, Schwarz strikes out for country stores and prison yards, taxicabs and lunch-counters, playgrounds and steel mills. Evidence of people's "musical urge, talent, ingenuity, or whatever you call it" takes a multitude of everyday forms. Speech is often musical in itself; so is the percussive *accelerando* of a boxer working out with a punching bag, the melismatic chant of sidewalk pitchmen, the rhythmic antiphons of fishermen off the Atlantic coast, an auctioneer's patter-song, a teen-age stomp session with box-and-bottle obbligato, or a Pittsburgh factory whistle playing "White Christmas" as a theremin might if it had a cold.

To record these eloquent details Schwarz has roamed far and wide carrying a battery-driven tape machine that looks like a suitcase and wearing a tiny microphone strapped to his wrist, Dick Tracy style. (Thus armed he has already made a record of children's street games and "New York 19," a report on music in his own backyard and postal zone.) Since most of his subjects are unaware that he's eavesdropping, it never occurs to them to freeze-up at the microphone.

Schwarz is a clever editor with a fine sense for dramatic contrast. His most effective sequence matches a gospel preacher soul-saving at fever pitch against a sportscaster thrown into near-hysteria by a pennant-winning home run. But not all speech is musical, especially when rehearsed; keeping it from sounding dull under studio conditions is an actor's trick Schwarz hasn't yet mastered.

To date tape recording has given rise to two distinct types of creative experimenters. The composers of *musique concrète* transform cricket chirps, human heartbeats, and drill-press rhythms into abstract patterns and "symphonies." The sonic naturalists, on the other hand, produce discs of super-realism—surf and sea LPs that smell of brine, railroad recordings that fill your living room with steam. Tony Schwarz is still close to such journalism, but he has taken the big step from straight reporting to story-telling; soon he may find a way to make poetry on tape from the human impulses behind music.

—FRED GRUNFELD.

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Ramsey

Continued from page 31

had a better time of it in Canada, musically if not otherwise, than anyone else.

Venezuela, Volume Nine, is edited by Juan Liscano, with recordings by Liscano, Pierre Gaisseau, C. E. Muñoz Oráa, Abel Vallmitjana, Francisco Carreño, Miguel Cardona, and the Venezuelan Folklore Research Service. As with Indonesia, where music of headhunters contrasts with court mannerisms of the *gamelans,* one has the impression of going a long way from the Orinoco-Amazon jungle down to the seaports and islands of Venezuela, where the sounds are light and Spanish in texture.

The "Initiation Song" from the Orinoco jungle (Side 1, No. 11) provides, literally, the creepiest and most awesome moment of the entire Library: "They caught a lad, and the shaman passed one of the baskets of ants slowly over the boy's body, so that all the hundreds of jaws bit . . ." To any one who has encountered ants previously on a purely literary level, as in T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party," where it is intimated that some one has perished on an anthill, this is a gruesome *tranche de vie.*

It is a relief to come down out of the savannahs and hear the chatty tinkling of the *cuatro* (a small, guitar-like instrument of four strings) and to take heart from a song somewhat less lugubrious:

> Up yonder in the meadow
> Where the lily blows
> A thrush is singing
> Because the whole world will die.

Other recordings from Venezuela, taken on a festival day (St. Antony's), are brilliant and colorful, and the last side of the LP winds up with African drumming taken during religious *fiestas.* Altogether the Venezuelan LP is a surprise, maintaining a high level of interest from a country whose folk music is little known to most listeners. Much of the credit for this goes to the poet Juan Liscano, who has been recording Venezuelan music for a number of years.

"Bantu Music of British East Africa," Volume Ten, is recorded and edited by Hugh Tracey of the African Music Society. His omnibus offering of eight ten-inch LPs devoted to music from British East Africa has already been released under the London imprint, and it is notable that this has left anything to say about the same territory for the Columbia collection. Instead of the more comprehensive coverage of the London offering, this volume is a condensed sampling of instrumental, singing, and performing techniques. One distinct advantage of this presentation is that it does not suffer, as does the London collection, from Tracey's own narration. My feeling about this narration was that it was an "Empire" product, reflecting and interpreting Africans to their masters as "good bushmen."

"Folk Music from Japan, the Ryukyus, Formosa, and Korea," Volume Eleven, was edited by Genjiro Masu for the Japanese Music Institute of Tokyo; notes and texts on Japan were prepared by Ottome Daniels, R. P. Dore, and C. J. Dunn; on the Ryukyus, by F. J. Daniels; on Korea, by Zong in Sob, in London.

To these inscrutable Occidental ears this was among the least rewarding and most confusing of all the sets in the series. Some of this confusion is due to the confessed inadequacy of contemporary scholars in translating material recorded in the field. We are told, of a song from Ryukyu, "It has not been possible to discover the meaning of this refrain," and elsewhere; "It has not been possible to obtain a reliable transcription or translation of the song, but it relates to courtship, the man apparently being compared to a wild boar and to a falcon."

There is also, in the Japanese section, a story that, as related, may go down as an ultimate, and appropriately misty, bit of cheesecake in folklore. It is sung by a *geisha,* and runs along this way: ". . . all the people don't like me, so / Wondering what should happen next / I went off on a spree / I went all around Kawabata town, / Tomfool Kasuga and all the others / Tucked up their skirts and . . . / The cherry was in bloom, in bloom / *Chiichiku paachiku* / Sang the lark in the sky . . . / A *genpaku* egg-plant . . . / And this little brat!" The notes supply: "Probably a pun; *Chiichiku*—the sound the lark makes, and *Chichikuru*—to have illicit intercourse. The egg-plant also has phallic significance."

Volume Twelve of the Columbia World Library was recorded in India, with notes, photographs, and translations supplied by Alain Danielou, professor of music, University of Benares. Everything is crystal-clear here, and the examples of Indian music are both delightful and exceptionally well recorded. In passing, it presents an edifying contrast to the French volume, which is so fuzzy and antique in sound; apparently it is simpler to conduct field recording in India than in the French provinces.

Music notations are provided for almost every selection. Coverage of the region is cleanly compressed, and the only thing that suffers here is that information about the musicians and their lives is tantalizingly scant. Some of the most exciting and wonderful sounds are supplied by wandering minstrel-bands of ascetics ("Bhajana," Side 1, No. 7) and Swami D. R. Parvatikar of Hyderabad, "an ascetic who dwells only in temples and observes a vow of silence," contributes an extremely pleasant and well developed solo on the *svaramandala,* or folk harp (Side 2, No. 12).

Volume Thirteen, "Spanish Folk Music," was recorded in Spain by Alan Lomax and Jeannette Bell; notes are by Lomax and Eduardo Torner. It is my favorite in the Library, and one which I would gladly nominate for selection as one of the best LPs of folk music released in this or any other year. It is a high achievement, and one which I particularly identify with Lomax's genius for ferreting out the best from any region and presenting it so as to make the music both intelligible and palatable.

Some of this is due to the fact that Spanish folk music, compared to British, is palatable *per se;* but it is significant that material actually taped in the field by Lomax (and his field-recorded contributions to the Library are limited to a mere three—Ireland, Scotland, and Spain) comprises the cream of the collection. Scholars, museums, regional authorities, broadcast networks, and ethno-musicological groups notwithstanding, it would seem, from the evidence of this series, that the most convincing contributions have been made by one man. Perhaps this is because of an intangible, the *rapport* which a sympathetic person can establish with folk performers. It may also be due to qualities of perseverance which Lomax possesses. It takes a lot of this to go for thousands of miles with heavy recording equipment; to set it up and break it down; then to keep on going. On the other hand, it must be admitted that very few scholars and museums are provided by their governments with adequate assistance. This goes for both equipment and operational budgets. As it is, we can be thankful that at least one person had the backing to do well by three countries.

The thing that is especially revealing about the Spanish LP is that, although we have had Spanish music with us for a long time, through stars of *flamenco,* ballet, and concert offerings, and through operatic distillates of the raw mash ("Carmen" is what we have in mind here), this particular collection reveals so much that is new, and all of it is good.

Revealing, too, is the sort of writ-

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ng contributed to the notes on Spain, vhich can bring reality to what is, ifter all, only a short band of ecorded sound: "The Poverty of Galicia," Lomax writes, "is nowhere nore bitter than in such coastal owns as Corcubión. These singers :now what it is to be more or less iungry the year round, and cold all vinter. They work as farm laborers or ten pesetas (twenty-five cents) a lay, and live with their animals, hus-)ands, and thin children in houses hat are mere piles of smoke-black-ened stone. But when they sang—nuddled together like so many starved sparrows in their thin ragged dresses—a fragile one-eyed woman beating her tambourine like a fren-zied *houri*—the leader stirring them on with fresh lines—a girl with pale gold hair saving herself for the high parts—all the work-hardened hands perfectly in rhythm—the fire of the great Gallegan dance, the *muiñeira*, warmed the room."

Especially notable, in an LP of notables, are the "Fandango" (Side 2, No. 21) sung unaccompanied by Alfonso Gavino and Anastacio Baque Ruiz; the "Saeta" (Side 2, No. 23) sung by an unknown woman in the streets of Seville; the "Salve de San Antonio" (Side 2, No. 27) sung by Juan López Sánchez and nine other members of the *campañilleros* of Monteagudo, Murcia; the "Parado de Selva" (Side 2, No. 32) sung and played by the *dansadors de pont d'Inca* at Palma, Mallorca.

After the fire and spice of the Spanish recordings it is pretty hard to take the next volume, Yugoslavia, which comes as Fourteen in the World Library. However, any one interested in this music will audition it separately, and perhaps its merits will shine to better advantage when it is taken solo. Music from this region was recorded by Peter Kennedy with the aid of the Yugoslav Council for Science and Culture. The notes, texts, *and translations, which are good,* were supplied by Albert Lord, a professor at Harvard. Some of the photographs were taken by Jaap Kunst, who was probably on hand to study the relationship of Indonesian to Dalmatian music, referred to above.

The recordings are uniformly soggy and limited in range, and were taken at the folk festival prepared for the 1951 meeting of the International Folk Music Council in Opatija. The lame excuse for not providing live field recordings is that, "Only a long journey would show such a range of excellent songs and performers." Our point is that only a long journey would have provided anything comparable to the Spanish volume, which is the result of *only* a long journey.

Volga and Volynka

SONGS OF THE RUSSIAN COSSACKS. *Alexandrov Song and Dance Ensemble. The Sveshnikov National Chorus Of Russian Songs.* (CRLP-143).

SONGS OF THE ZAPOROZHKY COSSACKS. *Alexandrov Song And Dance Ensemble. National Ukrainian Ensemble Of Bandura Players. The Veryovka Ukrainian National Chorus Of Kiev. The Ukrainian National Chorus "Dumka" Of Kiev.* (CRLPX-014).

FOLK DANCES—SONGS; BALALAIKA—ACCORDION. *Piatnitsky Song And Dance Ensemble. Voronezh Russian Folk Song Chorus. Rudneva Russian Folk Song Chorus.* (CRLPX-013).

THE three LP Colosseum albums of folk music, part of the company's series of "worldwide reports," are a big order for anyone except a curiosity collector or a nostalgic refugee. For the new additions to already well-known musical numbers are not well selected. From the "Alexandrov Song and Dance Ensemble" program of nineteen songs, half will be welcome; in a melée with other choral, dancing, and orchestral organizations' products a few of Piatnitsky's deserve their usual due; and as for the Ukrainian songs, they are really no better than a single song of their neighbors. It is a pity, for both the Alexandrov and the Piatnitsky "Ensembles" are excellent. I happen to have heard and seen them in the flesh—the dazzling virtuosity of their choruses and dancers, and the colorful staging of some old songs have thrilled many audiences.

I must admit that, personally, I am against presentations in bulk of musical compositions. Many a time, listening to a pianist playing Chopin's twenty-four Etudes, or twenty Mazurkas to be taken in one gulp, I have fervently wished he would play one of them properly and be done with it. But *chacun tue ses puces à sa façon*, and from the three-hour-long entertainment of the latest LP's, the following information is owed to folk-music enthusiasts.

These Ensembles differ from the well-known Don Cossacks, at one time their "closest relatives" in art. The more they travel around the world and the more their success depends on the different tastes of their audiences the more the Don Cossacks have become "arty" and "Carnegie Hall-like." Since the Soviet Ensembles do not sing in foreign countries, they can not indulge in any such antics, and therein lies their cardinal virtue. But in the Ukrainian collection even this does not save them from the mournful monotony of the ballades and the lack of true national character. Unlike the Armenian, Georgian, and Turkmen songs, with their pronounced Oriental tinge, these are so Russian (except, perhaps, for "Come Now, O Lads," side B, No. 7, which is more Polish) that if one were to substitute Russian words for the Ukrainian text no one would be the wiser.

The Piatnitsky group is the oldest and most experienced and has not been surpassed in their perfection of performance. But, unfortunately (perhaps not for everybody), practically the whole second side of the record is devoted to Russian dances played by virtuosi à la Heifetz, concertino players, accordions, and balalaikas.

Musicians might be interested in hearing an old instrument, *volynka*, a Russian version of bagpipes, and those who are still impressed by the relationship of Russian folklore and symphonic music might be surprised or gratified to hear here and there a bit of Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, and Stravinsky. Of course, the legitimate "borrowing" was done the other way around. "The Wide, Wide Street," and "Zhuravel" have become classics and "Such As You Are," perhaps (the dates are not given), was inspired by Konstantin Simonov's poem "Wait For Me"—famous during World War II. But the prize in this collection is Piatnitsky's "And Who Knows . . ." a most charming song which made a great hit in Russia during the years immediately following the last war. Thanks to the mechanics, it is the first song on side B and therefore one need not scratch up the disc searching for it.

The Alexandrov Ensemble opens with the inevitable "Volga Boatmen" singing in chorus. Their selection of material is by far the best, even if, as I have said, only half of the program is interesting. They show a remarkable achievement in chorus work and the "folksy" interpretations of the soloists ring true despite their artistic perfection. There are only two war songs, and the first one on side B of the record, "The Meadowland," was popular in the United States during the last war. —VICTOR SEROFF.

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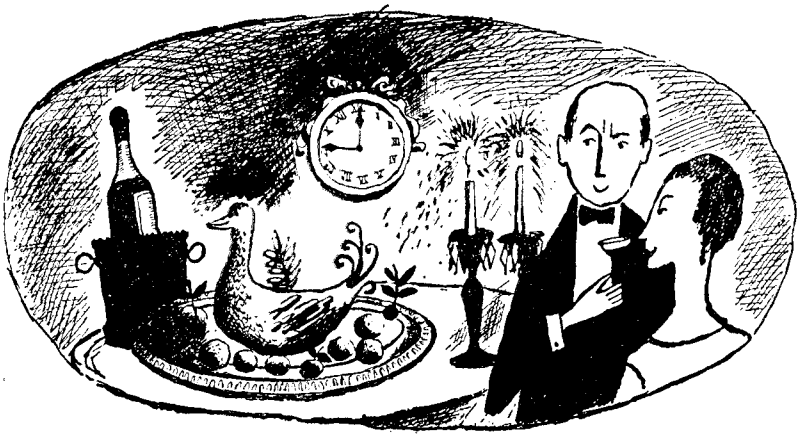

—By Margot James, for "Dinners That Wait."

Jesse, Casseroles, and the Virgins

By LAWTON MACKALL, *author of "Knife and Fork in New York," and a member of the Wine and Food Society of New York.*

VESTAL virgins who furnished fire for home hearths never did as much business as is done now, what with casseroles going in the kitchen, a barbecue in the back yard, and a portable electric roaster operating on infra-red rays right in the living room. Our cookbook industry struggles to keep up with these trends. In fact, it may be said to abet them and at the same time hook rides on them with the whole wide world as source of recipe supply—classical, regional, innovational, and commercial-promotional.

Open the **"New England Cookbook,"** by Eleanor Early (Random House, $2.95), and breathe the aromas of sea-clam pie, authentic fish and clam chowders, scalloped oysters, swordfish and clam chowders, scalloped oysters, swordfish with almonds, baked stuffed lobster (with grated potato mixed into the breadcrumbs), beanpot chicken, Nantucket Firemen's Supper, Blueberry Slump, Indian Pudding, Eggnog Cake, Lydia E. Pinkham's Chocolate Cake, and Weary Willie Cake. Nearly every recipe is cued with a well-turned anecdote or adroit comment; the various sections are graced with vignettes of nostalgic old engravings. An introduction by Earle W. Newton, former director of Old Sturbridge Village, treats of New England inns in a manner that sets the mood most happily. This book is a triumph on all counts. When not in use in the kitchen it is gorgeous to read aloud.

Peter Hunt, decorative designer and Provincetown shopkeeper who has become something of an institution with national ramifications, engagingly plays host, cook, and illustrator in **"Peter Hunt's Cape Cod Cookbook"** (Hawthorn, $5), to which neighbors have contributed favorites. The prize galaxy, with which the book leads off, are two dozen Portuguese recipes indigenous to the Azores. Among other feathers in his white bonnet may be mentioned the Cioppino (Italian cousin of bouillabaisse) and the sardine puffs . . . "Do not discuss the food at the table" is admonition No. 15 under Table Courtesies in the **"South Carolina Cook Book"** (University of South Carolina Press, $3.50). If you think such an injunction oppressive present your protest to the South Carolina Council of Farm Women, which collected and edited the recipes that make up this volume, few of which will afford you surprise . . . Ever try Pigs' Tails and Turnips? Neither had I till I fell for it in **"Jesse's Book of Creole and Deep South Recipes,"** by Jesse's employers, Edith and John Watts (Viking, $3.50). Here is fare of the Bay St. Louis area of Mississippi, as prepared by a Negro cook whose repertory includes Mexican and European dishes. Incidental information is worthwhile—and so were the pigs' tails.

If your Jesse is Teuton and you wish him to prepare breakfast scones, fritto misto, terrine of beef, Indian khichri, a handy interpreting job is done by Countess Morphy's **"Polyglot Cookery Book: English-German"** (British Book Centre, $2.95), which gives its recipes in both languages . . . Furrily frictioned at the ankles by my Thailand rapscullion, I've been browsing **"Everyday Siamese Dishes," by Princess Sibpan Sonakul** (Chatra Press, Bangkok: available through Orientalia, Inc., New York, $2.25). Ingredient difficulties, alas, postpone our meeting bona fide Galloping Horses, Overturned Eggs, Rama in His Bath, Yam (salad) of Roses, and sweets called Alligator's Eggs and Lady's Fingernails. Siamese milk is from contented coconuts . . . Wearing a pair of chopsticks ready to use comes Alice Miller Mitchell's **"Oriental Cookbook"** (Rand McNally, $2.95) with discriminating loot from the fleshpots of China, Japan, the Philippines, and Korea. True materials (she tells where to obtain) lift these treats above the distant resemblance class; practicality puts them into the home kitchen . . . Ghofaria ploki sounds like an injunction to go fly a kite, but it's baked fish with onions and tomatoes as prepared in Greece, where the late explorer-archeologist Cyril von Baumann encountered it and added it to his good-food finds. Edited, kitchen proven, and packaged by Beulah Phelps Harris, those global gatherings breezily labeled **"The Four Winds Cookbook"** (Crowell, $3.95) afford general release from the commonplace. Flying whale of an undertaking, spiritedly carried through, is **"The Complete Round-the-World Cookbook,"** by Myra Waldo (Doubleday, $4.95), with 600 recipes gathered by Pan American World Airways from the eighty-four countries they serve. Though the recipes are not in all instances the national favorites, they are typical and by and large unimpeachable. Introductions, brisk and bright, unfortunately aren't as illuminating as they might be, or as reliable, smacking of travel-agency folders. Holland "filled" with windmills (as though hundreds hadn't disappeared in the last half century), and no mention of Holland's wonderful beefsteaks with small golden-mealy Dutch potatoes, or of the national passion for split-pea soup. Purported information about wines of Switzerland, Hungary, and Portugal is grotesque; under Germany the names Rhine and Moselle aren't even alluded to, but the latter is defined in the "Glossary for Gourmets" as "Type of French wine." As this 480-page-volume seems destined to sell like fury let's hope there'll be some revisions. It deserves them.

JIM BEARD, ever gustatorially contagious, reveals himself at his soundest best in **"The Complete Cookbook for Entertaining"** and its out-and-in-door twin, **"The Complete Book of Barbecue and Rotisserie Cooking"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75 each), which thoroughly cover their subjects from equipment—portables preferred—to drinks, dunks, marinades, open and shut sandwiches, and menus from exotic cuisines, as well as lumberjack type

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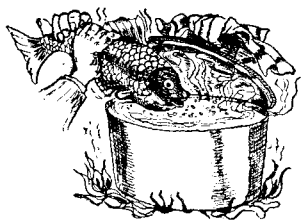

—From "The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book."

COOK OF THE YEAR: "I am a pretty good housekeeper and a pretty good gardener and a pretty good needlewoman and a pretty good secretary and a pretty good editor and a pretty good vet for dogs," Gertrude Stein once wrote for and of her friend Alice B. Toklas. Miss Toklas was also, during the thirty-eight years she lived with Gertrude Stein, a liaison between officialdom and Gertrude Stein, a "needlewoman" who copied into tapestries for seat covers paintings of Picasso, and a wife-sitter for the great and near-great who came to see Gertrude Stein. She was born in San Francisco in 1877 of a "quiet charming woman named Emilie" and a father of Polish extraction. Her grandmother had been a pupil of Clara Schumann's father, and she herself was seriously interested in music until the age of twenty. When she was nineteen she became a great admirer of Henry James and wrote him suggesting that she do a dramatization of "The Awkward Age." Then, in 1906, Gertrude Stein's brother Leo and his wife visited San Francisco, bearing three queer paintings by a man named Matisse. Miss Toklas saw them and a year later left for Paris. There she met Gertrude Stein at Leo Stein's house, and in 1908 went to live with her. Miss Toklas wrote her cookbook—"The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book" (see page 39) — which is a poetry of recipes, good writing, and recollection, during an attack of pernicious jaundice. "I am a fair cook—often spoken of as a marvelous one," she said recently in Paris. "G. S. said I was the best five-minute cook she knew. There will probably be no sequel to the cookbook, though I am writing some articles which divert me a lot. Please don't say I am famous. It is best to remain unknown when one is undistinguished, unknown, and without gifts. Recipes, that is recipes chosen as if they are works of art, is another matter. One may have a passion for recipes and cookbooks and nice food, as well as for pictures or objects or people. I enjoy all of these almost equally. Is there not some relation between them?" —Whitney Balliett.

tidbits with sauce béarnaise. Characteristic Beardian counsel: Keep a record of the parties you give so that you won't be serving the same people the same dish. Bethinking him of economy, he has teamed up with Sam Aarons in devising **"How to Eat Better for Less Money"** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.50), which is anything but poor-mouth and should help the giver of those parties.

Charlotte Turgeon, who has labeled Mr. Beard "Dean of American cooks" (which is like addressing jovial Friar Tuck of Sherwood Forest as Your Reverence), upholds her own laurels with **"Time to Entertain"** (Little, Brown, $3.75), made up of delectable lunches, dinners, etc., so contrived that the maidless hostess is virtually all set when the guests arrive, and joins them for cocktails. It assumes that the said hostess is as flusterproof as the author—an assumption I couldn't tuck away as readily as a portion of the Royal Duckling with Wild Rice. However, I shan't argue with a lady who did America the favor of adapting "Tante Marie's French Kitchen" and who now tenders as a chaser **"Tante Marie's French Pastry"** (Oxford, $3.75), wherein croissants, brioches, madeleines, and genevoises disclose their how-to.

Short-cut artiste Poppy Cannon (as in "Can Opener Cookbook") believes in letting the food-processing companies do one's chores, so it is no surprise to find her humming the same tune of freedom in **"The Bride's Cookbook"** (Holt, $4.95). New England boiled dinner? Prepared in about half an hour. Sauerbraten? Ready to meet potato pancakes, rye bread, and beer even sooner. Monticello ham with champagne? Couple of jiffies. Part of her theme is variations such as a dozen on chicken à la king, an equal number on chicken pie, and twelve different stuffings for roast chicken—which, ah me! takes two and one-half to three and one-half hours in the oven, and calls for that stuffy old virtue patience.

THE monopolist by the name of Television who came to dinner and transformed the living-dining room into nomads' land can, it seems, be capitulated to on tolerable terms. Margaret Gilbert McCarthy—**"The Queen Is in the Kitchen"** (Scribner's, $3)—explains that the old-fashioned dining table is done away with, trays on individual tables are used, and dinners planned for two sittings—first the juniors watching their programs, and afterward the adults watching theirs. It sounds appalling but she makes it appealing, thanks to being a resourceful cook with some 500 recipes in her bag of tricks. Don't tell anybody, but

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I'm stealing her prunes stuffed with sharp cheese and steeped in sherry . . . Celeb names and verbal seasonings pique the provender (*e.g.*, "Wing Ding" means poultry) that WOR's treasured Martha Deane—Marion Young Taylor—dishes up in **"Cooking for Compliments"** (Barrows, $2.95), a book with an aura of individuality. Gastronomically not especially unusual, but can be counted on to coax housewives into trying dishes they should know . . . Gangway for soufflé! With **"Serve at Once"** (Crowell, $3.50) Myra Waldo marshals a parade of more than 200 of these gladsome pop-ups, hot and cold; appetizer soufflés of crabmeat and such; midmeal soufflés substantially cargoed; dessert soufflés; low-calorie soufflés. Exceeded only by the Macy Thanksgiving ballonics. . . . On the leisurely side here's cool and collected cosmopolite-suburbanite Betty Wason cuisinière of **"Dinners That Wait"** (Doubleday, $3.50), a charmingly gotten-up assortment of menus constructed around main dishes that brook delay.

NO! Goats do not "smell simply awful," declares Marie Armstrong Essipoff, voice of experience in regard to **"Making the Most of Your Food Freezer"** (Rinehart, $3.95). We must have been thinking of horrid old common goats. Goats of proper breed—Swiss goats—haven't that peculiarity at all, and they give two to six quarts of splendid milk; their meat, which goes into the freezer as chevron, is mighty good eating. As for geese, which will be holiday roast goose, they're "intelligent, companionable birds." Never had we realized a freezer took in so much territory, or suspected that a person-to-person talk on, say, ways and means of wrapping, and the jokers thereof, could so transfix us. Mrs. Essipoff is terrific. The book has been revised, but her candor remains untethered . . . The sort of education that was needed when pressure cookers were innovations is now in order for the electric fryer-cooker, and who more apropos than Julia Kiene, director of what I confusedly think of as the Westinghouse-keeping Institute? This practical palate-wise lady's **"Electric Fryer-Cooker Recipes"** (Barrows, $3) is replete with good eats and barely mentions kilowatts. She is also the gracious ghostess of **"The Betty Furness Westinghouse Cook Book"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), 387 pages copious with tasty trove . . . The old-fashioned chafing dish gets a fresh approach with **"Chafing Dish Specialties,"** by Nedda Casson Anders (Hearthside, $2.50), pocketed in a decorative box to be hung on the wall for quick recourse to tempters like chicken El Borracho, and bananas flambé.

Thank the Turkish pashas for introducing paprika (bearer of vitamin C) into fertile Hungary. And salaan to interpreters Paula Pogany Benne and Velma B. Clark for **"The Art Hungarian Cooking"** (Doubleda $3.50), which has the feel and flav of that colorful country. Goulash lo is vouchsafed in detail but only M Willy Pogany's favorite goulash given, there being so many oth specialties to impart one more temp ing than the other . . . Moving u Danube, we come to **"Austrian Coo ing,"** by Gretel Beer (British Boo Centre, $2.50). Incorrigibly Viennes this cook-author spends more tha half her book on cakes, pastries, an biscuits. Considering their seductive ness who would blame her? . . . Avaur Vienna! Waistline's Waterloo! Seekin safety in greens, we apply to **"Sala for the Gourmet,"** by Gillian Sand lands (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), a boo that, broader than it's tall, open out like an angel chorister's hymn book in an Italian painting.

Merger news (*Sybaris Herald* an *Pantagruel Gazette* please copy): Mr M. F. K. Fisher's five gastronomica books that have stirred astronomica acclaim now share one cover as **"Th Art of Eating"** (World, $6); an Charles H. Baker, Jr.'s round-the earthly twins, "Exotic Cookery Book and "Exotic Drinking Book," hav come out of their box labeled **"Th Gentleman's Companion"** into a singl binding, with title unmolested (Crown $3.95). Jumbos at peanut prices, yo might say.

When a well-known restuarant, b it singular or plural, sits for its culi nary portrait it would seem entitle to a living image. Luchow's cookbool achieved that joyous result; is, as th saying goes, the next best thing t eating at Luchow's. Hence my tear over **"The Longchamps Cookbook"** (Harper, $2.50), which is just an aggregation of recipes from which many best sellers on the Longchamps menu are missing. And the attributions! I says here that Lobster à l'américain "was created by a Neapolitan che named Americain—without the fina e." Which is certainly tidings with a capital T.

Sea cooks rarely write books, s it's an event to meet salty Glenn Quilty, broiler of three-inch steak with original fixin's and spinner o yarns about the centerboard schoone *Maggie,* in which he cooked for trip pers along the coast of Maine, wit adventures ashore, where he per formed as a professional concer pianist, involving quick changes o attire. He has functioned in the galley of yachts; has doubled as chef stew ard and platform virtuoso (tossing i one of his own compositions now an then) at sacrosanct summer hotels has known notables ever since, as a

"It's a honey!"—Virginia Kirkus

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y, he met an old man with a beard on whom butterflies settled, and ıo turned out to be John Burroughs, ıo introduced him to "my boys," nry Ford and Thomas A. Edison. ch yarn is climaxed with a recipe, ;tifying the title, **"Food for Men"** heridan, $3.50).

TRAIGHT to the heart of the coun- goes **"Carolyn Coggins's Company okbook"** (Hanover, $2.95), its thou- ıd-odd recipes and menus geared folks whose entertaining is more ighborly than starchy and who don't e wines or liquors even in a cas- :ole. All conceivable occasions ac- mmodated, not forgetting gift food the bereaved . . . Much the same dience is catered to, with specialized pact, by Marion Clyde McCarroll's **ummer Cookbook"** (Barrows, $3). ıey know her from reading her in e papers, coast to coast . . . Button, ıtton, who's got the **"Mushrooms,"** Countess Morphy? (British Book :ntre, bucks twain) . . . Query **Vhat's Cooking?"** by Jane Kirk Revell, $3.95), answered in quantity r church suppers and such . . . As mine of information **"Classical Rec- es of the World and Master Culinary ıide,"** by Harry Smith, with an in- ɔduction by Edith Barber (Macmil- n, $4.95), has a certain percentage of ıg amid its ore. (Sample: Daiquiri fined as a kind of rum.) Best nug- ts are local specialties of England ıd Scotland, from epicurean to curi- ıs.

The diet tussle: **"Eat, Think, and Be ender,"** by Leonid Kotkin, M. D. Hawthorn, $2.95), mind over mid- e; **"Gaylord Hauser's New Guide to telligent Reducing"** (Farrar, Straus Young, $3), his latest dodge; **"Let's ıt Right to Keep Fit,"** by Adelle Davis Harcourt, Brace, $3), truisms of a ıtritionist; **"Outwit Your Appetite,"** J.W.D. Grant (Prentice-Hall, .95), seesaw reducing plan; **"Diet Suit Yourself,"** by Walter Ross McBride, $2.50), lucid facts and ta- es, take 'em or leave 'em, from ex- :riments conducted by Medical De- ıartment of Am. Tel. & Tel.

For comfort read **"The Alice B. ɔklas Cook Book"** (Harper, $4). It ıs recipes by George Sand and Du- as, Jr.; that would strike a dietitian ımb—which, right away, is a re- ɛf. And it has many, many of the ıthor's, that set your taste-buds lream. But, most of all, it has the esmeric quality of a personality as ıpervious to circumstances as a ooden Indian and as perceptive as rgus. I love her specifying a Dutch ven for preparing voluptuous French ısserole dishes; there speaks the ıreconstructed Californian. But don't se time listening to me. Read her!

The Trade in Taste

NOWADAYS unless a book publisher has Norman Vincent Peale on his trade list, or a good assortment of titles about climbing, preparing to climb, or failing to climb Mount Everest, he depends on specialty books to keep the money flowing in. He gets invigorating transfusions of dollars from textbooks, reference works, and do-it-yourself books. In the latter category the leader in the last few years has been the cookbook. From 1942 to the end of the war these taste-exciting items came out at a slow and steady rate, sixteen or so a year, many of them dealing with such un-Epicurean problems as stretching ration stamps and simulating steak with soy beans.

In the postwar years the number of titles per year increased slowly to over twenty in 1950, and then jumped to thirty-six in 1951 and forty-six in 1953. Figures for 1954 are not yet complete, but it looks as if it was the year of the cookbook, with volumes on infra-red cookery, casserole, barbecue, chafing-dish, and electric-blender cookery, hors d'oeuvre, chicken and mushroom cookery, as well as the national cuisines of all peoples of the world except those that favor grubs and fried grasshoppers.

For decades before this flood the giant in the field was Little, Brown's "Fanny Farmer Cookbook," which is now nearing its sixtieth birthday. It may surprise some readers to learn that there really *was* a Fanny Farmer, and that her cookbook embodied the curriculum of her famous Boston Cooking School. Still going strong, "Fanny Farmer" is revised every five years, and the current editor, Mrs. Dexter Perkins, is a relative and former pupil of the founder.

A more recent classic is Mrs. Irma Rombauer's "The Joy of Cooking" (Bobbs-Merrill), which made its bow during the war and found immediate success, partly because of its author's ingenuity with plain and unpromising foodstuffs. Mrs. Rombauer has received grateful letters from the ward-room mess officers of the aircraft carrier *Independence* and from a lady who spent the war in a Japanese prison camp, both of whom found her book a fine corrective to dietary monotony. Centrally located in St. Louis, Mrs. Rombauer often receives transcontinental phone calls from clients who find themselves momentarily perplexed mid-soufflé.

Although the general publishers have found cookbooks to be a solid sideline, they receive stiff competition from M. Barrows & Co., which publishes only "women's interest"

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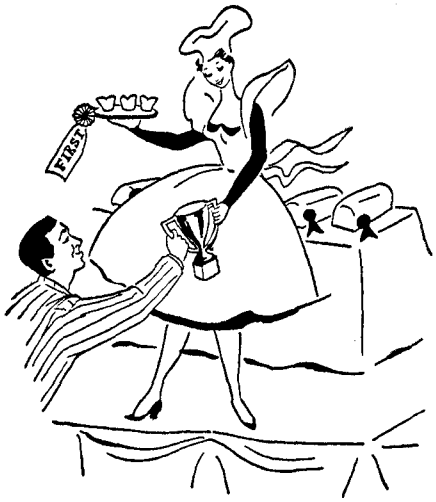

—By Mary Anne Winkler, for "Cooking for Compliments."

books (antiques, gardening, cooking), and has specialized in cookbooks since 1904. Their current leader is Martha Deane's (Marian Young Taylor) "Cooking for Compliments," which contains 600 recipes designed to inspire the woman who has to cook day in and day out. With its editorial experience in the field, and with its staff of salesmen who know how to sell cookbooks, Barrows has built a strong, varied list with a full line of foreign cookery, appliance cookbooks, and such specialties as a "Summer Cookbook" with sets of guest menus for twelve weekends.

In the usual frantic pattern of the publishing business, since cookbooks have become popular and profitable, everybody has started publishing them, and the market has become highly competitive. Editors say that it is increasingly risky to launch a general cookbook, and increasingly expensive to launch any kind. Since they have little straight text and are studded with lists, illustrations, and lots of white space, all cookbooks cost more to set up in type. Unusual sizes and shapes, indexing, and conveniences like spiral bindings add to costs, too.

Nevertheless, they continue to sell well. As the American standard of living moves farther above the fatback and hominy grits level, as pressure cookers, deep freezes, rotisseries, mixers, and barbecue pits multiply, as domestic servants get rarer, as interest in foreign cultures increases, and as labor-saving devices allow the housewife to devote herself more to the esthetically satisfying parts of housework, cookbooks will be more and more in demand. As Robert Burton says in "The Anatomy of Melancholy," "A cook of old was a base knave . . . but now a great man in request; cookery is become an art, a noble science: cooks are Gentlemen."

—Thomas E. Cooney.

Lincoln's Doctor's Dog

Continued from page 10

many are left. You needn't be embarrassed; it's not my money. I don't see that much cash in this job."

The doctor was busy counting. It was as hard as taking a pulse, he thought, because the patient was suddenly talkative.

"It belongs to an old colored man. He's a porter over at the Treasury, but he can't get his back-pay because he can't sign for it."

"Why not?" asked the doctor.

"He's sick with smallpox."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Dr. Stone, retreating from the money. "I must wash my hands, and yours too. At once."

The patient really laughed, and writhed grotesquely in the bed. "Don't worry! He hasn't touched the money. That's the problem: they won't give it to him until he can sign, and he wants to send some of it to his old mother. There seemed to be so much red tape I had to take care of it myself. Put twenty dollars in one envelope, and the rest of it in the other, and mark them. I told the poor old coon I'd fix it for him."

"Let's wash our hands anyway," said the doctor. "If I pull the bell, can we get some hot water?"

"I'll be honest with you," said Dr. Stone later. "There's not much I can do unless you'll try to help. You need feeding up. Rare beefsteak and port wine would help; but I know you won't touch wine or spirits."

"I was always afraid to. I might get a taste for it."

"Anything that would help you to relax. You've got to have rest. You're tired right down to the bone."

"Deeper than that, doctor. The tired part of me is inside, out of reach."

That, the wise doctor knew, was too true for comment. "Another thing," he continued. "You don't have to see everybody that comes calling. They waste your strength, and most of them only have an ax to grind."

They had sent up a cup of soup from downstairs, and the patient seemed more relaxed. He had corked the ink bottle.

"I shouldn't mind that," he said. "I spent a good many years grinding axes."

"And I want you to spend tomorrow in bed. If you absolutely have to see anyone on business, let them come up here."

"I don't think I ever spent my birthday in bed. I hate to start now, at fifty-four."

"Tomorrow your birthday? I never even knew you had a birthday."

"Yes indeed, doctor. As Artemus Ward said, 'I was born in the Stat of Maine, of parents.' Artemus War is a pretty good doctor sometimes.' He rummaged under the bolster, an pulled out a book.

"No. This is the other one. Dr Shakespeare. Sometime when you'r not too busy, let me read you some He's the doctor that seems to ge farthest in." He held out a much battered and blemished volume, bu didn't bother to open it. He recited:—

O polished perturbation! golden care!
That keepst the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night. Sleep with it now,
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound—

"What does *biggin* mean? I always wondered."

"I'm afraid I don't know," said the doctor.

The other leaned forward to hold the book in the lamplight. "I wish I could stump the country reading Shakespeare aloud. Don't tell anyone —this was the first book I borrowed from the library when I moved in here two years ago. They've been too mannerly to ask for it back. I reckon I ought to buy them a clean copy. He just seems to take hold of your brain and squeeze it like a sponge."

MAYBE Shakespeare *is* good medicine, thought the doctor, noticing how the harshly carved face brightened with excitement.

"Wait till I find it," said the patient; his shirt was again climbing his neck as he ruffled the leaves. "There was an actor in town a while back, did "Richard III," that opening speech. He reaped me down like standing corn. What was his name? It was a sort of Shakespeare name but I could only think of him as Dick Crookback."

Doctor Stone had been at the theatre too. "His name was Junius Brutus Booth."

"That's it! I must remember that name. Et tu, Brutus Booth. Never mind the book; I've said it to myself often enough windy nights:—

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that loured upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

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Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures. . . .

"Do you know what they call that ind of physic? It's a drug, doctor. hey call it alliteration. He begins ith a whole regiment of d's and s's; ıen he throws in the b's and m's for .aneuver. I tried to tell that to IcClellan but he went off to headuarters and said I was crazy. . . . here's a stage direction in that play bet means more to me than it ever id to Shakespeare. *Enter Richmond.*"

Doctor Stone had an appointment t the hospital, and also he did not ish the invalid to get too lively.

"The winter of our discontent," the ıtter repeated. "Will it ever come ɔ an end? . . . I'm sorry, doctor. I ıidn't mean to get sour. You know ıow it is, when the helve is shrunk he head is prone to slip off. Where lid you put that jackknife: I'll do ome more whittling."

"Good. Now, my dear sir, I must ɔo. I shall send up some medicine hat may help you to sleep. If you vant to read, try Doctor Ward rather han Doctor Shakespeare. And remember, tomorrow, your birthday, is ɔ be a holiday."

"You make me feel patriotic," said he patient. "You remember Artemus Ward said he was so patriotic he had ;iven a brother-in-law to the Army, ınd if necessary he'd sacrifice all his vife's relations."

"I'll turn down the gas and you ake a little nap. Is there anything ou'd fancy for supper? I can tell hem downstairs."

The doctor was pleased to see that ıis patient had taken off his specacles and was sunk back into the ɔillows, but still clutching the hornıandled knife with bright open blade.

"You bet there is, but you can't get t here. I'd like a fresh-fried catfish. used this knife to gut them on the aft-boats. It's about all I've got left rom Illinois."

"Let me shut it for you. You might oll on it. Like that." He put it back nto the gnarled fist, which fastened ɔn it like a talisman.

"Not mud-cat," said the prairie oice; sounding, to Doctor Stone's reief, a little sleepy. "Not mud-cat, ike you might get in this damned lreenage crick. No, sir, not the mudat that mopes down in the sludge, ı channel-cat that swims in quick op-water. And maybe some hot poonbread. Find me a channel-cat or the Army; we've got too many nud-cat generals."

The great figure stretched itself more easily, and the doctor tiptoed toward the door. The last he heard was (he had often heard it before) what Mr. Bartlett's new book called a Familiar Quotation: "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

I'm damned if I know, said Doctor Stone to himself as he went downstairs. But maybe I do know, too.

AS HE stopped at the cloakroom for his hat and coat he heard weird noises of baaing and bleating from the meadow behind the house. "It sounds like a farmyard," he said to the usher on duty.

"Master Tad's goats," the man explained. "The kid forgot to arrange who's to milk old nanny, and the Secret Service boys are trying to do it. But they say goats are mighty choosy, she's kicked a couple of them in the stomach."

"I better vamoose before they call on me."

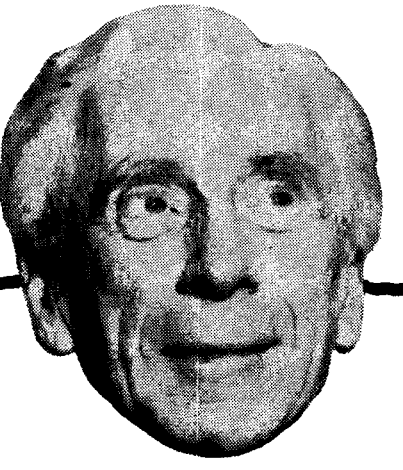
"Yes, doctor; this is a big day in the family, the dog just had her litter in the laundry."

"That's nice," said the doctor. "My spaniel bitch had puppies a few weeks ago. That'll be fun for Tad."

"Yes, sir. Downstairs we thought it was kind of a pity the Madam took him away to New York, but she didn't want him to know where puppies come from."

"From the laundry, evidently," said Doctor Stone, and got thoughtfully into his waiting carriage.

The carriage came again early in the morning, but without the doctor. The colored coachman came into the portico, carefully carrying a covered



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basket that seemed to have life and voice of its own. A moist black nubbin, slitted with curiosity, twitched in a chink of wicker. The old doorman, McManus, had his own ideas of dignity.

"We don't require any more livestock," he said. "We got old mooly-cow on the front lawn, goats on South Meadow, and a washtub of mongrels in the basement. That's more'n plenty. The Secret Service is so veterinary they got no time for rifle-drill. Did you know, there's a War?"

The coachman also knew his importance. "This ain't livestock, this here is medicine. Doctor Stone say take it right upstairs, and there's a rubber sheet goes with it. Here's his inscription, wrote right on the tag. He say he come along later, see how it takes."

Old Mac looked at the note, duly signed by Robert K. Stone, M.D.

> Rx—Many happy returns! This is the tonic. Take, as judgment and occasion offer, for twelve hours. Keep your mind off yourself and on him. He will need rest too, but if he goes into bed with you, use the rubber sheet enclosed. Will call later. R.K.S.

Mac unhooked the lid. The muzzle and all-devouring eyes of a silky black puppy, perhaps a month old, tried to force their way out. The ears were little black flaps; the upcurled stub tail still bandaged with plaster where it had been chopped. "Done chew off his tail myself," said the coachman. "Doctor say thoroughbred tail always chawed, not cut. My teeth not so sharp any more, take me two bites."

McManus was disgusted, and waved him away. "Get out of here, clear the drive. We got the London *Times* coming any minute. If it's doctor's orders I'll send it upstairs." He carried the basket to the usher at the foot of the stairs. "This House gone croup-and-crazy these two years," he remarked to himself. "I bet I'd been more genteel to take that job at the Willard."

Doctor Stone was delayed at the hospital; it was early afternoon before he could call. He happened to meet the two young secretaries at the head of the stairs.

"How are we?" he asked genially; meaning whatever doctors do mean when they say it so comfortingly in the plural.

They crowded him close and, like well-trained secrets, they whispered. "What have you done to the Tycoon? He wouldn't let anyone in, except of course the London *Times*. He had Mr. Russell in there for an hour, we heard them laughing like apes. If you've got him in wrong with Russell, we're licked. You know what he says, next after the Mississippi, the *Times* of London is the strongest pressure in the world. Stanton was trying to see him all morning and he wouldn't listen. And Seward too, and Gideon Welles. We haven't heard him laugh like that since he had his teeth out. He even denied himself to some Congressmen from Illinois, and to Horace Greeley in his white hat."

They lowered their voices even more confidential. "Doctor, you don't think he's gone off his wits? We were pretty near ready to telegraph Bob at Harvard. You know Bob has been studying philosophy, he might know better than we do. The Tycoon always says, if he could have gone to Harvard he could have studied hair-splitting instead of railsplitting."

Words came unexpectedly into Doctor Stone's voice. "Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings. Go back to your office and run the Government. I told him to take today off."

HE WENT into the room. His patient was sitting on the edge of the great bed, with legs lifted crosswise under him. He beckoned the doctor round the foot of the bed, and pointed to the floor. From beneath the bed came the deep tall hat, topside up. It moved slowly across the floor. Then Doctor Stone could see that a hole had been hacked just above the brim; large enough to protrude a small black snout. The hat proceeded, with small whines of enthusiasm, feeling its way to a saucer of cornmeal and gravy. As it neared the food it moved more briskly, and a trail of wet trickled behind it. The patient looked partly ashamed, but even more amused.

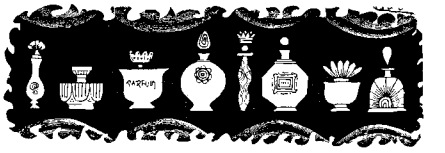
"I guess you've ruined an eight-dollar plug," said the doctor.

"I'll ask the boys to telegraph the Madam to bring me a new one from that store in New York. They keep my size in stock. This one was in bad shape anyhow, it had a nick in the brim already."

"How was that?"

"Oh, that time somebody shot at me when I was walking home late at night. Nobody noticed it but Mac, but I told him I tore it on a nail."

"You don't tell folks much, do you," said the doctor.



"Sometimes I do. I told that store in New York where I get all my clothes they mustn't use my name in their advertising. They said they wouldn't dream of it. It took me a while to figure that out." He grinned wider than the doctor had seen in many months. "I guess because I wear them so badly."

The tall hat was teetering, with difficulty, at the edge of the saucer. The patient strode across and picked it up. "I always wondered what a plug hat was for. It just fits a puppy. I think he's too young for much meat yet, isn't he? He better take his rest now."

He swept up the struggling morsel and cornered it in his broad hairy chest. "You're a smart man, doctor. This critter has given me more fun than I've had since I was a kid on the Sangamon." The puppy whined and nuzzled in his grasp. The patient dipped a long weathered finger in a bowl of milk on the bedtable, and gave it to be licked. Inside a loop of the nightshirt the silky infant fell asleep. The patient got carefully into bed again, and settled himself comfortably. "Funny, isn't it," he remarked. "All they have when they're born is nothing but love. Poor pup, thank God you're only a little dog and don't know what men do to each other."

The doctor gave the tall hat a shake, and set it on the windowsill to air. "By the way," he said, "I stopped at the Library to look up *biggin*. It means a nightcap."

"Just the name for him," exclaimed the patient, delighted. "I was wondering what to call him. He's as good as a nightcap, a real good prescription. Go to sleep, Biggin. I bet I'll sleep as long as he will. I'm going to take him to the Cabinet meeting tomorrow, inside my hat. I want to see Stanton when that hat walks across the table."

Doctor Stone hadn't been sleeping well, either; but doctors have no privilege of confessing their own fatigues. When he left the patient was drowsy; he curled up Biggin inside that hat where he wouldn't disturb his bedmate. At his own home he patted Cleo, the black spaniel bitch, in her lair near the coal-frunace. "Good old Cleo," he said confidentially. "Your patient is the United States."

Cleo, not caring why, wagged her long-ago bitten stump. Doctor Stone slept better than usual.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. T. S. Stribling—1933. 2. Margaret Wilson—1924. 3. Oliver LaFarge—1930. 4. Ernest Poole—1918. 5. Thornton Wilder—1928. 6. Louis Bromfield—1927. 7. Margaret A. Barnes—1931. 8. Willa Cather—1923. 9. Robert Penn Warren—1947. 10. Booth Tarkington—1919.

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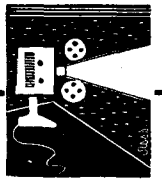

IDEAS ON FILM

More for Film Societies

JUST exactly what a *bona fide* film society is has not yet been answered. Most usually it is considered to be a group of people who informally share the work and cost involved in seeing movies together on a planned and regular basis, for more than casual entertainment purposes. If nothing else distinguishes it from other 16mm film-showing groups, there is often a clearly indicative name such as Cinema Guild, Film Club, or more often than not the such-and-such Film Society.

On April 7 and 8 the Film Society Caucus will reconvene at the American Film Assembly, this year in New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, to discuss the possibility of forming a federation. Federated film society organizations already exist in Canada and in Great Britain, where there is notably more self-sufficiency and longevity in the individual groups and fewer outside pressures than their American counterparts have faced and are facing. It is a matter of statistical interest that in the recent American survey 36 per cent of the respondents indicated interest in forming a federation, 33 per cent said probably, 23 per cent didn't know, 6 per cent gave no answer, and 2 per cent said no.

Everyone interested in the film society movement (whether delegated film society members or not) is welcome to attend the Film Society Caucus meeting in April. Further details about the program are available from Jack Ellis, Film Society Liaison, c/o Film Council of America, 600 Davis Street, Evanston, Illinois.

Meanwhile more and more feature films are being released to 16mm audiences. In addition to those reviewed in this column last month [*SR* Jan. 8], an impressive list of new titles is headed by Gian-Carlo Menotti's **"The Medium,"** a dramatic opera in English, first presented on radio and on the stage. The film rarely goes beyond the limits of a stage setting, and finds pictorial strength and coherence in extreme close-ups, bold camera placings, and the magnificence and beauty of its actors' faces. As a filmed stage show it is surprisingly successful. Marie Powers as the failing medium presents a truly magnificent form and face, whether she is laboring up a flight of stairs or rolling her eyes in a mystical seance. Anna Maria Alberghetti as her young daughter and Leo Coleman as the mute and dark-skinned Toby are personifications of beauty.

The story of "The Medium" was no story at all; it was, in fact an opera, a vehicle for dramatic singing, developed more by the rhythms of its own music than by the development of plot or of action. Since so much is contained within the sound track, it is important (particularly for 16mm showings) to provide the best possible acoustical equipment and setting. I found myself constantly adjusting the volume and tone controls, uncomfortably aware through most of the film that I couldn't hear all the orchestral and vocal sounds as clearly and sharply as I wished. Special efforts should be made in advance to get the best possible results from the film's sound track.

"The Medium" was not a success in motion-picture theatres, nor is this fact difficult to understand. Now that it is released on 16mm it has a chance to face smaller audiences who understand in advance that they are seeing a contemporary opera-on-film. The results should be more pleasing to everyone. Many film society groups, as well as music and drama groups and classes, will rejoice at seeing the film, despite its oppressiveness (for which Menotti is now world-famous). Others, I am sure, will dislike it. I recommend a small audience in a small room, with the best sound equipment at your disposal, if the film is to be shown at its most impressive and startling level. "The Medium" (81 min.) is available on a sliding-scale rental basis from Athena Films, 165 West 46th St., New York 36, N.Y.

Far more sinister is Jean Cocteau's **"The Strange Ones"** ("Les Enfants Terribles," 100 min.), produced and directed by Jean Pierre Melville, and adapted for film by Cocteau himself. Both story and film stray far from the patterns of plot and character to which we are accustomed—a brother and sister completely bound to each other, in an orbit of their own creation. If you cannot accept such strange and beautiful people within their little lost world, you will probably detest this film. If you can enjoy the faintly familiar feelings which the fantasy evokes, you are likely to feel it is an extraordinarily moving experience. I found it intriguing nine-tenths of the way, and oppressive only in the final few sequences. It is improbable that you will find yourself lukewarm about it. Nicole Stephane and Edouard Dermitre are a lovely pair as the starcrossed siblings. (An Edward Kingsley release, in French with English subtitles, available on 16mm from Brandon Films, 200 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.)

"God Needs Men" (later called "Isle of Sinners," 95 min.) is Jean Delannoy's handsome and stirring picturization of a story said to have actually happened a hundred years ago on a small island off the Brittany coast. Because the scavenging island people prayed for shipwrecks to bring them daily subsistence, and even occasionally lured ships to their doom for the same reason, their priest abandoned them to their sins. Out of necessity the sexton (a magnificent performance by Pierre Fresnay) takes his place in the church, and gradually assumes the power which the islanders have assigned to him. The black-and-whiteness of the costumes and lighting, the exterior shots of sea and rocks, the simplicity and steady development of the story and characters add up to a sustained and credible mood. I objected to the heavenly choir music in the accompanying sound track. (In French with English subtitles, available from Brandon Films.)

In a dissimilar vein are two old-timers, probably the worse for wear, but still memorable films and worthy of repetition in film societies. Gustav Machaty's **"Extase"** (64 min.) dates from 1933 and stars Hedy Keisler (later Hedy Lamarr) in a Czechoslovakian film which is noteworthy for more than its brief scene of nudity—noteworthy, but a bit dated at this time. In contrast **"Pepe le Moko"** (86 min.), the original French version starring Jean Gabin, has much of the sophistication and excitement it had when it was originally released in 1937. The later Hollywood production starring Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr was a poor carbon copy, weaker and more diffuse yet patterned almost shot for shot and scene for scene from this French version. This is the film that put the Casbah on the movie map. Jean Gabin plays the leading role with near perfection, and Mireille Balin is the alluring Gaby. Both films are available for 16mm or 35mm rental from Trans-World Films, 2209 East 75th Street, Chicago 49, Illinois.

—CECILE STARR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"All the King's Men"* [SR *Jan. 8*] *is distributed only through licensed subdistributors of Screen Gems, Inc., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Among these is Association Films, and others whose names are available through Screen Gems.*

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

West Wind

PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

THERE we were in the shower of our little adobe shack on the edge of the desert the other morning singing, "Give me land, lots of land, underneath the starry skies," when a buckaroo busted into the room, package under arm. We would not have been taken aback had he said, "Who dyathinkyar, buddy, William Zeckendorf?" but the truth is he didn't say that. He said, "A package for you, sir, and your appointment in the corral is for four o'clock. See Mr. Bradley."

We opened the package and found it to contain a pair of levis. We knew immediately what they were, for a big tag was attached which said, "This is a pair of levis." Now the Levi Strauss people have been putting out what they call their "Celebrated XX Blue Denim Original Riveted Overalls" for over eighty years, but I guess there are some people who have been mistaking them for Daks or Bermuda shorts. When you're teaching an Easterner the ways of the West better go step by step. Besides saying, "This is a pair of levis," the tag also said, "We shall thank you to carefully examine the sewing, finish, and fit." Well, we shall thank the levi people to stop making the ruddy things so tight, also to stop splitting infinitives. What they do to a sentence we do to their inseam.

Done up in these levis and topped by a black ten-gallon with red lining and a brim that curled like the lemon rind in a Horse's Neck, we found ourselves a regular refugee from the rodeo. We are as a matter of fact something of an old cowhand, albeit from the Rio Hudson, way out West on West End Avenue. Nobody knows the horses we've seen, especially if you count the times we have been to the carousel in Central Park.

Nonetheless, we decided to trade notes with Mr. William J. Bradley, who teaches ridin' and ropin' in the shadow of Camelback Mountain, just three miles from Poverty Gulch, an established community which has a total population of two (1950 census figures). Mr. Bradley is a large economy-sized cowboy, broad of shoulder, gray of mane, and sharp of eye. He used to kick around rodeos but he says he quit before he got all broke up. Mr. Bradley twirls a natty lasso and the cowpokes sit on the corral fence nowadays watching him snare five-gallon milk cans, and they shake their heads and say, "Old Brad, he sure swangs a pretty rope."

Old Brad brought us a lasso and showed us the hondo, which is the permanent loop, and the spoke, which is the distance from hand to hondo. Then pretty soon he had us twirling this rope, elbow close to body, while he shouted, "Rhythm, rhythm. Throw it like a rock!" We threw and, so help us Zane Grey, the rope hit the can, we pulled up hard, and there we were with five gallons of Borden's trussed up like a dogie. We sure swang a pretty rope.

Ropin' pupils who master the milk can move on to a small horse which is made of wood, has a straw tail, and is called Old Paint because the cowpokes lacquered it with some leftover Sherwin-Williams. If you rope old Sherwin-Williams they'll let you go after a live calf. Then you start the whole business over from horseback. Not so many horses get strangled this way.

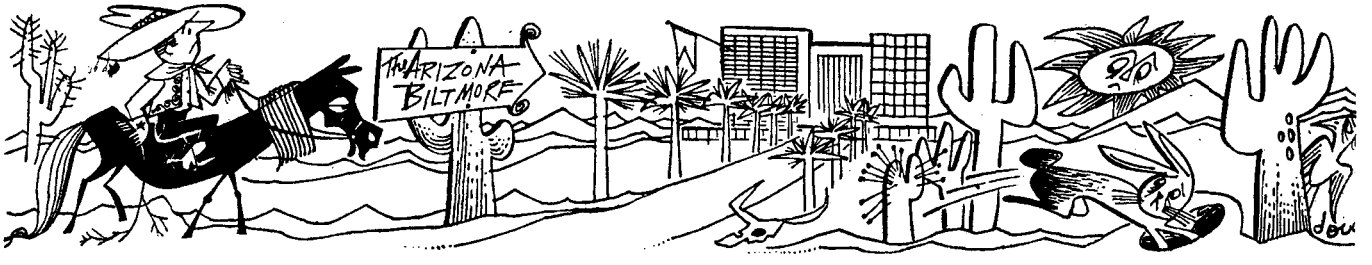
When we were ready to move on to ridin' class we told Old Brad about all the times we had been on the carousel. He seemed to understand, and trotted out a blooded stallion named Blackjack who was a bucking bronco till he was broke in the Calgary Stampede. In 1903. Old Blackjack acted sure enough like he'd been whacked with one. Of course, he might have been christened after the card game, although he was surely over 21.

Old Blackjack, with us up, loped out into the desert where the saguaro cactus reaches high for the sky, and there is buggy whip cactus and buckhorn cactus and barrel cactus that is about as high as a hydrant and has water inside. A cowboy hung out of the stirrups and pulled up a branch of greasewood for us, and when we twitched Old Blackjack with it he stirred occasionally from slumber and took us along Mummy Mountain and Marshmallow Mountain, past bounding jackrabbits and woodpeckers shrieking and ducking into their holes in the tall saguaro. We rode out into the plain that is Paradise Valley and looked into the setting sun to see Phoenix silhouetted in the red dust of the Golden West.

Stretched out across the plain was Scottsdale, which has hitching posts to tether your station wagon and covered walks in front of the stores. It likes to call itself the West's most Western town, and it has places like Lulu Belle's Saloon, which sports red damask walls and swinging doors and bartenders who wear garters on their shirt sleeves and grow moustaches for the winter trade. It also has one gnarled old desert rat, hair grown long in back, hands studded with Indian turquoise rings, who unnerved us the other day when he spewed a stream of Western lore while sipping a malted from a paper container.

AS FOR Phoenix, it never was settled until the Civil War was nearly over. It is making up for a late start, however, and has doubled its population since 1940, being the current abode for an estimated 140,000 citizens. Around it stretch the agricultural lands of Maricopa County, a tract big enough to take in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Delaware with 1,000 miles left over. The 313 clear days a year, or 3,697 sun hours, produces cotton, lettuce, oranges, grapefruits and tourists. Over a million-and-a-half visitors come every year, and they produce lettuce too—$75 millions annually. Trans World Airlines alone schedules ten flights a day through Phoenix, bringing in mid-winter quickie-vacationers from the West Coast in two hours, from Chicago in seven hours, and from the East Coast in eleven hours.

Half the daily flights are tourist



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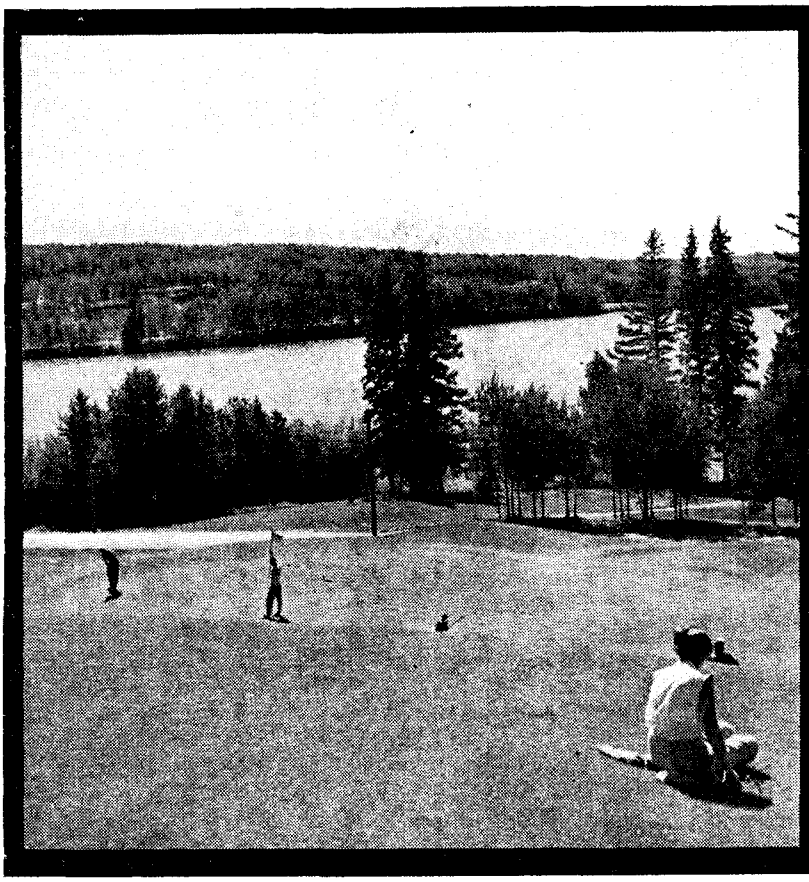

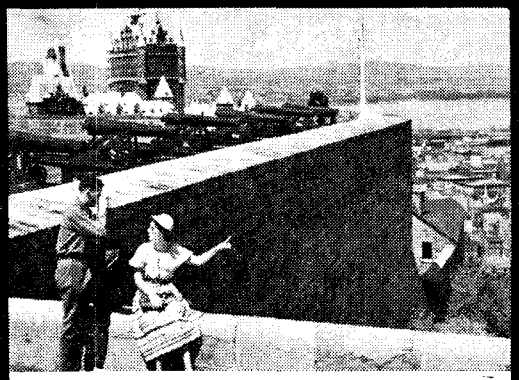

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class, giving the thin-blooded north-country budget-minded citizen a chance to thaw out in the frost-bite months at moderate fees in one of the spiffiest motor-court sections in the country. One of them serves breakfast in bed. Hybrid places like the Arizona Manor offer bungalow suites grouped around patio and swimming pool on a European plan basis which this time of the year runs $18.50 single or double. The countryside hides wonderful places to eat, beginning with The Flame in downtown Phoenix, a place whose bar, set with live monkeys, parrots, and the makings of a whole jungle, is enough to scare the unwary tippler into the nearest A.A. chapter. Nor will such a soul find surcease at the Green Gables, where one's car is met by a knight on a white charger and parked by a jockey done up like Robin Hood. But the steaks are sensational. Peace may come at Mark Gruber's El Charro, where you can sit in the patio until your table is ready and chase the chill of the desert night at the roaring outdoor fireplace.

AS FOR the big American-plan places, the desert is full of them. Biggest of all is the Arizona Biltmore, which you will find at the end of a long curving drive lined all the way with orange and grapefruit trees. Built in 1929 on a tract of 1,200 desert acres, it is full of that sharp-angled, dull-chrome decor that was 1920s modern. From the outside it is a striking cousin of Frank Lloyd Wright's Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, and indeed was done by one of his disciples. Owned by Wrigley, it is a gorgeous estate with 225 rooms, golf course, eighty horses, a rodeo arena that will seat 5,000, and a swimming pool that somehow looks like it will, as soon as lunch is over, be peopled by a platoon of lads in blazers and girls with bands tied across the forehead. The rates are a flat $50 a day for two, or $40 single, the most potent voice for marriage since the invention of the shotgun.

Another layout about the size of Rhode Island is The Wigwam, a 17,000 acre ranch seventeen miles west of Phoenix owned by the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. The Goodyear people originally leased the land during the First World War to conduct experiments in raising cotton, hitherto brought in from Egypt. The cotton was used in making tires and U-boats were making it difficult to get. So many business associates found reasons to come to the experimental station that the small accommodations were finally expanded into a full-fledged hotel in 1929. The main building is said to be constructed Pueblo style, and the guests are housed in surrounding wickiups. Each wickiup can handle from two to six, the rates running roughly $20 a single person, $30 a day for two, meals included. One of the types of accommodations was made by blowing up a (Goodyear) balloon, spraying the outside with cement, and then partitioning the inside igloo into rooms. It is one of the wackier wickiups invented by the tribe Goodyear.

Anyway, the golf course stays green all year, and they'll give you a red electric buggy, and presumably smoke flares, if you venture out on its 6,157-acre layout. There is also a handsome swimming pool at hand where the other day some ladies were engaged in portraying a show of Arizona fashions. Now the *haute couture* of the desert hearkens back to the days of the Spaniards, the pioneers, and the Indians. Ladies today wear squaw dresses full of pleats a favorite of the Navajos and Apaches; also peon pants, frontier pants, squaw boots, and thong sandals. Cost heap wampum too.

As for fragrance behind the ear lobe to lure the unsuspecting cowpoke what they prefer ain't exactly Femme de Rochas de Paris. You have to smell local, and the latest in local fragrances are called Desert Innocence and Squaw Grass. If they prove successful you can look for Femme de Stable d'Arizona, Coeur de Corral, and especially Odeur de Cheval. Out here that's perfume. —HORACE SUTTON.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 608

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 608 will be found in the next issue.

DXF EWF BWXS

FSXPF UE OUEYCMS—

ZWRMPPYP AMFALYP

VRUYP.

YXCYEY VUYRN

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 607

Facts do not cease to exist because they are ignored.
—Aldous Huxley.

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U.S.A.

Continued from page 18

effective. The land laws were specifically not extended and hopeful settlers would wait until the Klondike gold era of 1898 before it became possible to secure title to land in the Territory. The act extended to Alaska the Oregon Code, which proved to be almost completely ineffective because of lack of any county organization in Alaska. The obstruction of the fur seal, mining, and fishing interests was overcome to an extent with the provision for an elective delegate to Congress in 1906 and again by the grant of organized territorial government.

THE forty-two-year period from 1912 to the present is almost untreated in historical literature and the author has demonstrated that the same forces have continued to dominate to this day. In addition, the application of inflexible and doctrinaire conservationism reinforced by a narrow bureaucracy as the Federal Government "moved in" resulted in continuing frustration for those who were endeavoring to develop the resources and to build a permanent economy. In contrast to the era of little or no government the latter period was one marked by overlapping, jealous, and confused governmental action. The territorial government was carefully excluded from any control of the fish and game resources or of public lands, permitted no indebtedness, nor permitted to assume general law-enforcement functions, establish territorial courts, or even to make provision for the care and treatment of the mentally ill. The areas in which the Territory was permitted to function have on the whole been well and effectively managed. Those reserved to the Federal Government have on the whole been poorly served particularly until the reawakening resulting from World War II. Even in this period the defense interests of the nation would have been much improved if the remarkable prescience of Delegate Anthony Dimond in strategic and military matters had been availed of.

The final section is devoted to the major pending problems: the land problem, basic law enforcement, native claims, fishery depletion, and the tangled transportation problem. In each of these the inadequacies and failures of the Federal Government's handling of its responsibilities has resulted in the creation of situations which will be rectified only with the grant of full self-government.

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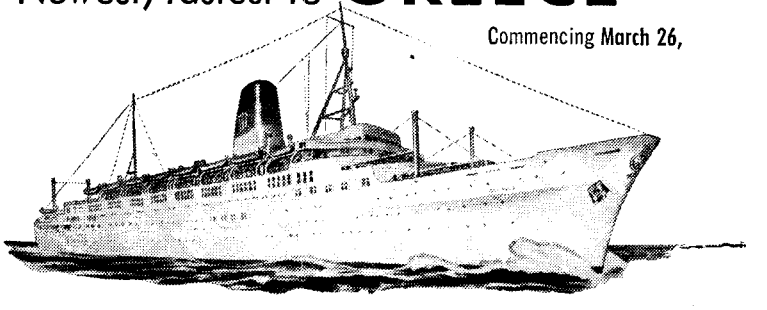

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The Mummification of Opinion

Continued from page 22

tially remote matter. But it was officially decreed that they should hold to the public posture of being blind, deaf, and dumb to the most tortured issue of the moment; an issue whose correct handling can determine whether the students themselves as well as the rest of us will live or will die.

I am indebted to the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* for another example in the same vein. The *Weekly*—scarcely a radical publication—took notice of undergraduate apathy toward political and social questions. And, in listing some of the underlying causes for a phenomenon common to other colleges, it included the pressures to conform exerted by our great industrial corporations on students. To illustrate, the *Weekly* then cited from a personnel pamphlet issued by the powerful Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, advising students how they should behave in college if they wished to be employed on graduation. The order of the day reads, and I quote from the pamphlet: "Personal views can cause a lot of trouble. The 'isms' are out. Business being what it is, it naturally looks with disfavor on the wild-eyed radical or even the moderate pink."

Consider the implications of this text. With one hand it gags the breath of student curiosity. With the other hand it dangles bread before his mouth as a reward for silence, unbroken even by a moderate gurgle. It says to the student, "You will be saved only if you consider yourself a beast of burden or a beast of prey." It says to him: "Production and not the producer is the object of life on earth." It says to him: "We ourselves are the judge and the jury of what a wild-eyed radical and a moderate pink is. And if you ask us what it is, in the act of asking you become the very thing we don't want." And it says to him: "If you must find some way to spend your energies as an undergraduate before we take complete charge of you there are football games, movies, and now television spectacles of magnificent dimensions which you may attend provided they have been screened for security and do not cause you to think."

HOW should those of us here bear ourselves in a climate where the pressures to conform are so remorseless?

To the politician who means to be faithful to his oath of office the answer is plain. It is to draw closer still to the letter and spirit of the Constitution. For in the degree to which he does this he can better follow the guide lines staked out by the Founders.

They were not prepared to lodge the rule of our society in the majority opinion. They knew it to be a quick and volatile thing; knew that it required a frame of law to steady it and bring it into creative focus. Neither did they say that the frame of law was itself limitless in what it could cover. They said the law itself should be limited to enumerated topics which are a proper concern of Caesar. All else—the dreams and speculations of artists, or any other manner of activity involving a connection between a man and his God—were not to be invaded by the law.

Beyond this, the Founders were under no illusions about the nature of power. "Give all power to the many," they said, "and they will oppress the few. Give all power to the few, they will oppress the many. Both, therefore, ought to have power that each may defend itself against the other." And with this in mind, the organ of government they framed was a balanced arrangement for unity and diversity, authority and liberty, security and freedom, continuity and new birth. Elsewhere other societies have divorced these coupled terms, saying that they were incompatible, and that one could survive only if the other was eliminated. And elsewhere, too, the effect of such a divorce has led directly to the dissolution of the society that was meant to prosper.

If the American politician draws close to the letter and spirit of the Constitution he will not only gain strength and direction from what the Founders first explored. He will be further reinforced when he grasps the keystone fact that the Constitution is superior to any majority or minority. In consequence of this, his oath of office does not require him to swing with every breeze. The oath requires of him that he should reflect the *deliberate* sense of the community. And this in turn means that he ought to consider himself a teacher, offering by precept and example a style and method of deliberation that can be imitated by the community at large as it seeks on its own to know, and then to do the good. It also means, as is often the case with teachers, that he must be prepared to accept banishment or destruction at the hands of the people because he has aroused their anger in the very act of serving them well.

And, finally, what of the writer? He has a unique responsibility to the political community of which he is a part. That responsibility arises from his talent, from his capacity to enlighten, to civilize those citizens to whose hands is entrusted the ultimate power in our society. The writer is the natural teacher of the people.

In this hurried mechanical age the artist and intellectual are among the few who have the serenity and sense of perspective which may help us to find a way out of the fevered confusion which presently afflicts us.

Through the writer the political community needs to be taught how and what to laugh at; how and what to scorn or to pity; needs to be taught continuously that honor is not the same as fame or notoriety; that physical bravery is not the only form of courage. It needs to be taught the proper objects of anger or of love. It needs to be taught the nature of justice. And, above all, through the writer the political community needs to be taught that the capacity of the human mind has yet to be explored, that there can be new possibilities for men themselves.

—J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CASE AF THE RED BRUNETTE *Christopher Bush* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Smear death takes Ludovic Travers, cultured British eye, to provinces; murder caps climax.	Diffuse but readable; plot crosses conventions; ending not unobvious.	Slow but sure
THE DALTON BROTHERS *An Eyewitness* (Frederick Fell: $3.50)	First reissue of 1892 account of last Western family-delinquent mob's escapades.	Anonymous narrator adds to store of Americana in lively reporting.	History with zip
OLD MRS. OMMANNEY IS DEAD *Margaret Erskine* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Yard's Inspector Finch (good egg) goes rural to chase poltergeist; two slaughters intervene.	Characters nicely drawn but slightly marionettish; fine comic relief.	Wispy and pleasant

SERGEANT CUFF.

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Fiction

Continued from page 21

archy. The former schoolmate turns up as Czech embassy official in blitzed London; becomes a partisan leader; and finally seizes supreme power in Communist Czechoslovakia.

The shift in emphasis is confusing. But a more crucial failure in "the story" stems from the continued flatness of the protagonist's portrait. Bruno consists of a facile psychoanalytic reflex, thin lips and defiant stare. His triumph lacks horror as his collapse wants pathos. He makes "The Self-Betrayed" an unconvincing and disappointing book. Masterful penetrations of the Soviet psyche like "Darkness at Noon" and "The Case of Comrade Tulayev" are, of course, rare. But one would have expected more from a man of Mr. Wechsberg's superior equipment.

Notes

DIPLOMACY IN OCCUPIED FRANCE: In **"Diplomatic Conclusions"** (Vanguard, $2.50) Roger Peyrefitte continues his merciless exposé of the French diplomatic corps, again employing the clear-eyed, impersonal mockery which informed its predecessor "Diplomatic Diversions." His newest book, however, is concerned not with the scandalous but harmless inanities of a French embassy in Athens, but with the tragic episode of the occupation of France by Germany during World War II, and the author's farcical treatment of events may seem inappropriate unless one agrees that, now that it's all over, one may as well laugh as cry.

Once again young diplomat Georges de Sarre acts as the camera-eye through whose impartial lens is recorded the "inside story" of the long debacle, and as he ranges between Paris and Vichy the candid shots he snaps of members of both the Collaboration and the Resistance never fail to reveal them in equally absurd and compromising situations. He again meets his German friend Rudolph, who has drunk the heady brew of Nazism and awakened to a moral hangover; he resumes, abstractedly, his lustful dalliance with the adroit Françoise, daughter of his old chief in Athens. But Georges no more involves himself in personal affairs than he does in political ones, and he moves through the book like a pale, antiseptic shade, uncontaminated but uncommitted, and retaining his detached objectivity at the expense of action at a time when action is greatly needed.

It seems only fair to note that a good many of M. Peyrefitte's ironies and paradoxes may not be apparent to the reader unfamiliar with the historical record of which this novel is an interpretation. For it is about real people as well as real events, and the complicated story of purblind selfishness, political ineptitude, and moral confusion is the stuff of yesteryear's headlines. The translation is by Edward Hyams.

—JEROME STONE.

BOMB-SHATTERED SOUL: Hervé Bazin writes in a manner so violent and bitter—I can think of only Celine and Leon Blöy to match the savagery of his style—that one is startled by the realization that the content of his novel **"Constance"** (Crown, $3) is sentimental. The heroine, from whom the book receives its name, has been crippled by a bomb in the war, and her struggle to oppose her fate involves her both in a great many gratuitous situations in which she seeks to counter her own injury by relieving the injuries of others, and in a substantial amount of existentialist reflection. If it were not, her recognition at the end of the novel that she is in love with the young painter Luc, who has always been her most devoted admirer, would be banal, since her death is imminent, grim.

M. Bazin spares us none of the clinical details of the progress of the paralysis that in the end entirely engulfs Constance, and the book becomes almost unendurable in its unrelieved horror. Although the humor is both infrequent and inadequate, and the introspection is occasionally too arch and self-conscious. Hervé Bazin continues to hold his place as one of the best of the younger generation of French writers. "Constance" is written in an urgent, racy, contemporary Parisian slang; it seems at its best as good as Queneau. The translation by Herma Briffault impresses me as being not entirely successful in coping with the tempo, the semantics, and the allusions of its idiom.

—DACHINE RAINER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
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GUY MURCHIE:
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After looking at maps, one is apt to think of a country like the United States as flat, forgetting it is part of a sphere, that when New Englanders look straight up they look at an angle forty degrees different from Californians'.

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1090

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Weaken, impair.	193 80 154 59 143 166 117 11
B. Sufficiently early (2 wds.)	21 71 91 156 119 30
C. Pertaining to a prominent part of a man's face.	16 114 102 87 152
D. Profundity; something that must be penetrated.	43 38 141 172 20 26
E. Enclose as in a case.	178 113 93 33 107 190 36
F. Full bloom.	28 44 34 160 9 94 126 112
G. Tenzing's is word for the "Abominable Snowman."	177 85 29 55
H. Scottish explorer sent to Africa, to prepare for abolition of slave trade, 1822.	81 109 151 88 130
I. Colloquial for a relative by marriage (comp.).	49 10 153 171 110
J. Valuable metallic fertilizer made from potassium and sodium.	111 197 169 37 64 2 146
K. A masticatory (says Webster); common phenomenon of U.S. life (2 wds.).	167 84 142 62 45 127 158 72 52 175
L. Secondary spelling of chief god of the mythology of the Eddas.	132 57 170 104 89
M. Belgian hare, considered as a hybrid.	100 168 184 24 139 191 108 78
N. Urania's place among her sisters.	157 161 97 60 125
O. Figuratively, something that sharpens, makes keen.	147 131 145 27 14 48 66 50 120

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. In ecclesiastical law, the first fruits of a living.	15 129 69 176 98
Q. Leader of the giants in Rabelais.	192 149 183 164 23 194 53 12 76
R. Thievish.	82 58 181 5 40 106 86
S. Having a scolding disposition (said esp. of a woman).	124 47 7 163 79 99 189 148
T. A beginning.	18 115 182 173 39
U. Vessel whose upper works rest on two parallel hulls (2 wds.).	19 150 70 198 83 32 3 103
V. Slimy membrane used as a "starter" in fermentation.	41 140 162 187 120 77
W. To apprehend directly, instinctively.	1 63 8 67 42 121
X. Specifying a titled widow when the heir to the title has a wife.	17 61 159 101 75 165 92
Y. Certain sudden, strong wind common in Texas, the Gulf, etc.	186 51 68 95 122 180 105
Z. Entreat with great humility.	188 65 133 116 118 144 174
Z^1. One of Cromwell's military commanders who fled to America at the Restoration and lived for years in hiding.	195 6 136 73 137
Z^2. Tending away from the sun.	35 134 54 128 90 25 96 46 196 179
Z^3. Cotton Mather's word for the "cogency" of his father's beautiful speaking voice (Encyc. Brit.).	31 185 22 74 56 155 138 135 13 4

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	1 W	2 J	■	3 U	4 Z^3	■	5 R	6 Z^1	7 S	8 W	9 F	10 I	11 A	12 Q	13 Z^3
14 O	■	15 P	16 C	17 X	■	18 T	■	19 U	20 D	21 B	22 Z^3	23 Q	■	24 M	25 Z^2	■	26 D	
27 O	28 F	29 G	30 B	■	31 Z^3	32 U	33 E	34 F	■	35 Z^2	36 E	37 J	38 D	■	39 T	40 R	■	
41 V	42 W	43 D	44 F	45 K	46 Z^2	47 S	48 O	■	49 I	50 O	■	51 Y	52 K	53 Q	■	54 Z^2	55 G	
56 Z^3	57 L	58 R	59 A	■	60 N	61 X	62 K	63 W	■	64 J	■	65 Z	66 O	67 W	68 Y	69 P	70 U	
71 B	72 K	■	73 Z^1	74 Z^3	75 X	76 Q	77 V	78 M	■	79 S	80 A	81 H	82 R	83 U	■	84 K	85 G	
■	86 R	87 C	88 H	89 L	90 Z^2	91 B	■	92 X	93 E	94 F	95 Y	■	96 Z^2	97 N	98 P	99 S	100 M	
■	101 X	■	102 C	103 U	104 L	105 Y	106 R	107 E	—	108 M	109 H	110 I	111 J	■	112 F	113 E	114 C	
115 T	116 Z	■	117 A	118 Z	119 B	120 V	■	121 W	122 Y	123 O	■	124 S	125 N	126 F	127 K	128 Z^2	129 P	
130 H	■	131 O	132 L	133 Z	134 Z^2	■	135 Z^3	136 Z^1	■	137 Z^1	138 Z^3	139 M	140 V	141 D	142 K	■	143 A	
144 Z	145 O	146 J	■	147 O	148 S	149 Q	■	150 U	151 H	152 C	153 I	■	154 A	155 Z^3	156 B	157 N	158 K	
■	159 X	160 F	161 N	162 V	163 S	■	164 Q	165 X	166 A	167 K	168 M	■	169 J	170 L	171 I	172 D	■	
173 T	174 Z	■	175 K	176 P	177 G	■	178 E	179 Z^2	180 Y	181 R	182 T	■	183 Q	184 M	185 Z^3	186 Y		
187 V	188 Z	189 S	■	190 E	191 M	192 Q	193 A	■	194 Q	195 Z^1	196 Z^2	197 J	198 U	■	■	■	■	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 49 of this issue.

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